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BY

WILLIAM RILEY HALSTEAD

III

AUTHOR OF "CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS FORCES," "LIFE ON A BACKWOODS FARM," "CHRIST IN THE INDUSTRIES," "A COSMIC VIEW OF RELIGION," "THE TRAGEDY OF LABOR," AND "SOME SOCIAL ASPECTS OF RELIGION."



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The whole drift of my education goes to persuade me that the world of our present consciousness is only one out of many worlds of consciousness that exist, and that those other worlds must contain experiences which have a meaning for our life also; and although in the main their experiences and those of this world keep discrete, yet the two become continuous at certain points, and higher energies filter in.

—WILLIAM JAMES.

FOREWORD

THE intellectual awakenings of the Western world have been marked by a growing individualism. Independent scholarship has reached a place of freedom and supremacy. Many frontiersmen in natural study have come into the fore who have been impelled to their work by the conviction that the divine may be understood by a direct study of the laws of existence. When the universe is revealed, God is revealed. The evidence is always at the ends of our fingers. These forward-looking ones have grown into a host. They now dominate mass sentiment, and give impetus to all the enterprises of civilization. I recall names at random: Galileo, Newton, Bacon, Faraday, Maxwell, Carnot, Barzelius, Gibbs, Wallace, Darwin, Madame Curie, Marconi, Edison, Millikan. Hundreds belong to the list. They are disciples of the real, who love the integrities of law. They are bonded to know the truth, wherever it leads. They know the challenge and charm of mystery, and are held by the fellowship of it, as the Christian is when he prays to mystery and finds his joy. They discover a Something at the heart of nature like unto themselves. They could not come to an understanding of that which is disparate to their own faculties. Diverse

qualities would mean estrangement. This world on the outside must be fundamentally of like nature with the human mind. We know it to be a feeding-ground for the highest within us. The whole fact of it is tremendously practical, because every feature of experience, actual or possible, is a reflex from a world of ordered power, and brings its message. No exceptions. No exclusions. The creative forces of the system to which we belong are continuously structural, and they have in them the voices of life and destiny. What these are, are questions of knowledge. Whatever comes to pass in the human life grade, things are not going to staves. Let that be settled.

W. R. HALSTEAD,

Terre Haute, Ind.

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CHAPTER I

A BRIEF OF FIRST UNDERSTANDINGS

BIRDS and animals often show a keen mental adroitness. Many of them in scent and sight and sound and direction are endowed above the human. The chords in a mocking-bird's throat are keyed to some superhuman centers of harmony. Certain species of pigeons are oriented to know the way to the home cote by immediacy. A bloodhound will sort out and follow a given trail along a highway where hundreds of other feet have tramped over it. He will know directly whether or not he back-tracks. But, after all, that may be said of this sub-human cunning or acumen: it is hedged by radical limitations. John Milton was keenly consistent with his own life-grade, in his lurid images of Creation, when he pictures the lions struggling to get loose their hinder parts from the primeval mud, when he does not have them turn round and examine the holes.

The earth-man is at the summit of the life-current to which he belongs, because he is a superior thinker. He takes things up with himself. Awareness is his magic endowment. He appropriates distinct values

from his surroundings. He becomes a knowledge-gatherer. He takes part in his own progress. He lifts himself over the fence by his own boot-straps. He is hawsered, of course, to his creative limitations, and he has only a small capital of knowledge in the beginning; but he knocks at the frontiers to give himself more room. This is his distinct advantage. It relates him in an original way to everything with which he has to do. A focal of intelligence—a living soul—a *Thinker* has been set into a flesh formula and given attachment to a living universe, which thrills with intelligence, and which is the source of all the truth he shall ever know. But this kind of arrival is only a crisis-point and not a finality. By reason of his investments as a *Thinker*, this earthman becomes a grower in radically new directions.

This advance arrival of life relates itself in a practical way to the terms of it. Consider first that there is in it a mothering in the womb of creation through milleniads of centuries; and then a forthright advent through a maternal embryology, and then the warming pans of an extended childhood of utter dependence; during which time certain procreative investments of direction begin to learn to take care of themselves, and a potent *Thinker* comes to where he can handle himself; and then he begins to have to do, on his own account, with some clearly-defined basal distinctions which self-consciousness reveals.

He discovers that he has to do in experience with

a two-sidedness: a sensuous world, and another world, manifest through the senses, with the emphasis on the word *manifest*.

Your pocket-knife is a *thing*. Your idea of a pocket-knife is *not* a thing. Lose your idea, and you will throw your pocket-knife away. Lose your knife, and your idea will produce another. Knives get lost or wear out; but the knife business flourishes because the idea survives. The idea is creative of its image in physical substance. This distinction inheres in the nature of the world, and it does not rub out or wear away. Your knife is in your pocket. Your idea is in your head. Give your knife away, and you are poorer by that much. Put your idea in another one's head, and you are not poorer by anything. That is a transfer of the real without wastage. Ideas come and go without scarred edges. Your knife wears out by use. Your idea wears *in* by use. There is a hint of endlessness in the fact of it.

You distinguish your knife from other *things* by the form. Kant would say of your knife that its form was obtained by the action of mind. Bacon would say that its form was derived by a process of exclusions from anything unlike it. Thomas Aquinas would say that the form was the insistent spirit of the thing. Both Plato and Aristotle would think of the form as an *idea* existent apart from its expression in matter. These high thinkers would split hairs and fail to agree forever; but they are

all at work on a thought-distinction between the sensuous real and the non-sensuous real. That the stuff of the knife is real is an assumption of the sensuous experience, but that does not settle any question concerning the ultimate nature of existence. We do not know the last nature of anything. We have certain words by which we express the utmost limits of the human understanding. Between the thing and the idea no dissecting knife has ever been drawn. The ultimate, if we could know it, might be one essence with two phases, as Heackel suspected. Yet the distinction is practical for purposes of clear thinking. We have to do with an aspect and a manifestation. Both are terms of actual knowledge. Healthful-mindedness accepts the integrity of that which is manifest as it accepts the integrity of the empirical test.

Furthermore, the idea is not a by-product,—a name attached to a thing. A pocket-knife does not produce itself. A knife-maker with an idea in his head is the explanation. A knife-maker is a thinker. A thinker compels the stuff to serve his idea. Mechanism is projected mind. A linotype machine, for instance, is the outcome of long-taxed brains in the printing business. The chaps who may have expected to shorten their dole and get a rest only made the wheels of the world go round faster.

It is the same with art. The stuff in the canvas is only worth a few cents; the ochre and the other colors, a few cents more. The human imagination

grips the little material, and the voices of both beauty and truth speak through a consort of colors. That which never was on land or sea comes into existence. It is a straight-out creation. No mistake about the source of it. The idea finds embodiment in that which is absolutely new in physical expression.

We are now close to the secret of the life-form that holds true to type. A walnut tree and an oak tree grow side by side, with roots intertwined, and without a particle of confusion among the headlong cells,—each loaded up in loyalty to the fashion of its own pattern. The manifest becomes a term of knowledge. There is a somewhat in nature which manipulates substance in a certain way and makes everything in reach give the countersign of the type. That *somewhat* is not blind. It is willful and determinate. It is of the nature of mind. For that reason and no other does the human mind have rational acquaintance with it.

The determinism of law does not suffer defeat. That quality in law defeats chaos. Out of the infinite affinities the law brings order.

The laws of the physical world do not go to smash when the human intelligence manipulates and readjusts them. A thousand and one mechanical principles are put together in any complex mechanism, as they never went together before, and these principles only have a value thus related when under the control of a creative intelligence. Does the im-

plicate of intelligence throw a wrench into that machinery? Does not the masterfulness of the ideas invested there depend, even for their validity, on the integrity of law? Could any combination and adjustment of the chemico-physical forces be brought about if anything capricious interfered with their action? Is not inviolate law the handmaid of intelligence? Does not the outworking of design depend on that,—that is, on the uniform and invincible certainty of their action. Is not law glorified in the beauty of art, in the rhythm of music, in the utility of mechanism? Will a man make a wagon so that he will lose control of it as soon as it is started? Can a man make a wagon adjusted to the down-hill and the up-hill, and to turn in at the right gate? Then is Nature's frame shortened under the Eternal Cause more than under the manipulate human hand? Proclaim a mechanistic universe, and let it stand; but who wants to go out into the grind of it, if the intelligence which projected it is not immanent in its movements?

The lower animals depend largely on their simple first reflexes; and they have a very limited capacity to readjust their sensuous impressions. A *Thinker* arranges and combines things in a way to show that the inner laws of reflective thought are masters of the determinate laws of the physical world. I speak not in terms of the absolute, but in terms of discrete fact. The human mind, by the nature of itself, is super-acting, in a way that leads to the conception

of a reality distinct from that which we touch or see.

No more space here for this kind of discussion. It has been followed a few steps only to get started, that is, to build a brief of mental assumptions, to serve as a foreground for all that may be said in this little book.

The real basis for the reality of religion is the unseen and yet manifest reality of a spiritual world. Nothing matters of human aspiration or desire unless that is true.

“The invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made.”

“We look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen, for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.”

CHAPTER II

- (1) ROOTED IN THE LIFE-STREAM
- (2) BELOW THE HUMAN LIFE-LINE

I

THIS chapter and the next two will have to do with the biological aspects of religion. They will undertake to show that the bases of the religious life are creative factors,—that its elements inhere in the nature of being. Each chapter will have two headings. The first is meant to convey the generic idea running through the three chapters. The other heading is selective of the special discussion in hand. The logic of the three chapters is to show the existence and action of certain creative endowments with which the individual inheriting them has had nothing to do. They are the radicals of his nature, with which he must have to do, since he possesses them, and he cannot choose any other. He survives by living in harmony with what they mean, or he destroys himself in disobedience. He has come up out of the universe, and the grade of life which he inherits has been mothered there for milleniums of centuries. He finds himself akin, therefore, to all the grades of life below him. And he

also finds himself endowed above all other life-forms in a remarkable way.

Like other forms of life, he is born and he dies. Between these two events is the tragedy of his existence in the formula of his flesh. If his life is a triumph, it is still a tragedy, because he will never escape its bitterness and its pain. He is endowed for the heights, but that is also the capacity for a remediless sorrow and a pitiless hell. It is important, therefore, to know the elemental radicals of human nature and what the universe means by putting such a being together in such a way. He will not make much headway if he starts in beyond life's primary lessons. The supreme conditions of the abundant life are the first conditions. These are biologic. I think I will be able to make their tremendous significance appear.

The life of this world below the human is prophetic of what we know human nature to be. We discover that we have come up out of things, and have been leaned back against the same things, coördinated and full of meaning. We shall never be alien from the sources of our being. As far and as deep down as we are able to see, we become aware of headlong movements in our direction, and these same movements are to enswathe and lift us, or to engulf us. We come into the world hungry. So do the lower life-forms. Their procreative instincts are like ours. If we are gregarious, so are they. If we have the superior curiosity to ask for the what

and why of things, so our fellow-citizens below us are doing their level best to pry into things without speech organs and without the capacity to know themselves apart from their surroundings. If we are incurably religious, as the scalawag said, we may expect to find prophetic intimations of the elements of that impulsion in the life-stream where it is not so wide; but, from it to us, it has never ceased to flow.

To get at what I mean through some concrete instances, let me drive, say, five stakes with five words, to conjure with them for a few pages. Beauty—Sex—Love—Suffering—Death. These words stand for diverse values, but they belong in a class together. Their meanings overlap and intertwine and weave their colorings into the woof and warp of life. They are in a mystic fellowship, and fuse and blend in such a way below the human grade as to suggest the religious aspirations. They are rootlets of the tree of the life human.

What beauty is, in its last nature, we do not know. Primitive emotions incline to elude definition. Somebody has said about beauty that a philosopher's perplexity is a child's plaything. A baby rolls over in the grass and pulls a bluebell for its mouth, and a philosopher groans in the mystery of it. The human capacity to appreciate beauty is first over the reason. It is Nature's enticement, and it knows neither rank nor station. Beauty hunts for the soul's joy, and it finds it by immediacy. In color

or form or cadence, in flower or landscape or morning glow, in a strain of music or a human sentiment, in a young woman's face or an aged one's character, the term is one of accurate speech. Beauty lavishes itself and hides its secret in the myriad ways it has to awaken the emotions of joy.

But beauty and the procreative impulse are on intimate terms. Those who are best informed to know say that beauty, as we see it in the flowers and in all brilliantly colored insects and in the bright hues of birds and in the fascinations of the animal form, has very much to do with life's renewals,—and life's renewal is the same as life's perpetuity.

II

Nearly all of Nature's attractive phases lie close to the principle of fertility. The flowering-time of plants is the active time of their fertilization. The two features have the one intent. One side of the life-current is a show world, and in it is the compelling charm of beauty.

It is life, exultant to renew its forms. The bluebells in the valley, up the sides of the mountains, along the borders of the lakes, bending over the water of winding streams,—while they carpet the world with beauty,—they are also love notes.

A noted biologist of the past generation says it in this way: "Remember that nearly all the beauty of the world is love beauty,—the corolla of the

flowers, the plumes of the grass, the lamp of the firefly, the plumage of the bird, the horns of the stag, the face of the woman; that nearly all the natural music of the world is love music,—the song of the nightingale, the call of the mammal, the chorus of the insect, the serenade of the lover.” Beauty awakens love. Love gives back to beauty its tribute of devotion.

A grain of corn is fertilized by the union of two living cells. One lies bedded in the silk, and the other comes through the air from the tassel of the stalk. It is a love-match. One of these cells goes straightway to its death. The other is the nursing mother of life’s continuity. The fertilized grain when planted germinates to a new life by way of a death. It is not quickened except it die. There is a death in the fertilization and a death in the new growth into another unit of life. Across the bridge of death there is a loving care for life itself. Then again, the starch in a grain of corn is a special provision for feeding the germ growth until it is able to take hold on the more intractable elements of the soil. This is the mother-milk of the new growth. The molecular groupings are classified to give the young thing a balanced ration. The germ in a grain of corn is snugged and provisioned like a rich man in his palace. But, no continuous life without a death.

Fabre of Serignan, France, had his four acres of bramblebush, through which he crawled nigh unto

eighty years of age. He was the butt of the jokes of the boys as a crazy man, but he came through with a romance in science more charming than that of Darwin. He says that fecundation is Nature's sacrament. It is always a solemnity incident to the continued life of the species. It means a death and a burial.

In the summer days, when the love-notes awake in the queen bee of the hive, she flies out into the air and up into the heights. She is swift and strong of wing to outfly the drones, and by that she is selective of the daring one who outflies the feebler ones in the race. This one finds the queen in the silences of the sky. The nuptials take place. Then the drone droops feebly down, often to die before it reaches the ground. The defeated drones return to their Nemesis in the hive. They are slain by the workers as useless impedimenta. They are thrown out at the gehenna gate of the hive. The queen returns, and the neutral workers nurture her fruited body in the splendors of a palace, which they build for her keep. If the honey is short and they die of starvation, the queen will be found alive with honey in reach. She is the federal principle of the colony. There are no coercions in her. Her rule is attractive. We call it love. But we are poor samples of what love can do. The workers are aware that the life of the species depends on the life of the queen. There is no other spur to such action. The worker is a go-between. If it starves

not, its wings will wear out in a hundred days. At any call, it is under duress to die for the hive, which is its life.

When a bee stings it is not ill-temper. The insect goes to its own death with its sting. It aims at the life of an enemy, of course, but the sting is a suicide without grief or despair. It is a death with the broader life-passion in it. The struggle is with anything that interferes with the hive. No hesitant moment. No sense of fear. It is a selfless life-giving in the absolute. The insect dies for that for which it lives, which is its life. No one takes its life from it in the sting. It gives life that it may take it again. Its real life is the principle of continuity. Its life is one with the life of the species. Life's highest use is served in the dying. The passion of it has a heart-break. It is the most winsome thing in the world. Brother, brother, when a bee stings you, take your dig and keep your temper; a little loyalist is only saying, "Here goes for God and Home and Native Land." The bee does not do all this thinking. It is a knower acting only on its first reflexes. It has no capacity to do otherwise. The whole of it is cosmically inset, and a marvel of creation. It is a long way from a bee-sting to Calvary; but the road is paved.

The female mocking-bird is a grey-brown beauty nearly always hid away in the copse. Her lord is a great gallant, tender and attentive, and not averse to having her hid away. His flight is the poetry

of motion. His song is an oratorio. On the tip of a pendant limb at eight in the morning, or at sundown, his music is an uttermost self-delight. He does not appear to take much interest in the folk who think they own the trees where he lives. He sings for himself and his mate. He plumes his feathers and thinks well of himself, for the reason that by Nature's law he is a mated lover. His finest harmonies are never rendered until the summer nesting-time. His notes then are seldom out of hearing of the nesting-place, where the two have set up housekeeping. If you want to know where he is, just disturb the nest for a moment. He is always oriented for that particular spot. If he flies from your presence, you will not find the nest by any motion or sign he makes. He will go by it, and try to entice you in another direction. The deceit of it is without guile, to be sure. He does not sleep well during the nesting-time. Through the shadowed hours he sings for his mate, soft notes in a minor key. Half asleep, he does his best to stay awake and sing a little. If she speaks at any time, he comes to attention. When she rebukes and scolds, and with bristling feathers and raucous throat pecks him on the side of the head, he bows himself with much pride to the feminine absolute. The writer describes one of his friends in birddom. After years of nesting in our front yard, our cat at last caught one of his young, and he fought her to his death. Love, loyalty, sacrifice, death.

The female hornbill lays her one egg in the hollow of a tree and begins immediately the cycle of incubation. The male bird fastens her in her place by plastering up the entrance to the nest. He leaves a small hole, through which he feeds her in the utmost self-forgetfulness. She comes out fat and fine with her new scion of the hornbill family. Mr. Hornbill comes through the fast so weakened and poor that he often does not survive. In his devotion to his mate and the species, he lays himself down with a will. It is reproduction and death. We suspect in such a case something out of balance, but the immolation is a pathetic wonder. We fall in love with Mr. Hornbill. So we are thrilled with the insanity of a mother who throws herself into the fire after her child. We are hushed and subdued by a form of beauty which surrenders itself with such abandon.

Love unto death is Christlike. It is here the spiritual aspect of reproduction. It is the other regarding principle. It gives itself to its object. We do not know love apart from sacrifice, or suffering, or death. Otherness is the biological term for greatness. Some of the mysteries of redemption are in it. The human life is in no sense removed from it as a working principle. The life with outgo is the life with value. The utmost self-realization is the utmost diffusion of one's life-powers. Bernard Shaw says, "The joy of life consists in being conscious of a mighty purpose, and in being thoroughly

worn out, before you are thrown on the scrap-heap."

In Nature the life unit is conserved when it has surrendered to its uses. A stalk of corn bears the ear and then dies. It has served its purpose and there is no further reason for its life. A stalk which misses of the ear is a life wasted.

The human glorifies this quality in himself by the word *service*. Usefulness is the better term, for it takes in all his energies for good, much of which is not in the nature of service unrequited. The human does not "come to the scratch" like the bees and ants and birds, for he is free to select the useless life, if he prefers. All four of the Gospels say, "Whosoever shall lose his life shall save it." Joaquin Miller, the Rocky Mountain poet, said,

Thou shalt hold nothing in thy cold dead hand
But that which thou hast given away.

CHAPTER III

- (1) ROOTED IN THE LIFE-STREAM
- (2) THE LAW OF THE GROUP—A HEBREW LOVE STORY

I

CERTAIN parts of the Bible are pure literature, or simple narrative without formal religious or devotional sentiments. They are the ancient life in the raw. The life itself contains the truth, and that must be made to appear in its running movement. We read circumstances—we read human nature—we read events. The self-revelation of the human current is the self-revelation of God.

In the light of such an understanding, the Hebrew love story interpreted here is given its true meaning, and it is shown to have a tremendous moral significance; the rest is a beautiful romance, with the Oriental atmosphere, the Oriental language, and with certain realisms of phrase, not now quite good form. The *Law of the Group* is proclaimed by a half-wild mountain maid who shouts it into the ears of the dwellers in a palace, all unconscious of its tremendous value to the ages.

The logic of the Song of Songs from the Shulamite side will appear in its place.

II

What I mean by the law of the group is finely expressed by Joseph Wood Krutch: "Not only is it true that the animals subordinate sex to the functions of reproduction, but it is also, among anthropologists, notoriously true that the more primitive races of men closely resemble the animals in this respect."

Six hundred years before Herodotus, the father of history, was born, hundreds of years before the times of Buddha and Confucius and Lao-tze, seven hundred years before the Chinese wall was built, three hundred years before Rome was founded, The Song of Songs was written, or composed memoriter, in the reign of Solomon when he had only sixty wives, if anybody knows when that was. At any rate, the later date for it is not valid. It was in existence before the Commonwealth was disrupted. It belongs to the wilder, more primitive life of David's golden age. There was not a Jewish mind anywhere to inherit such ideas and images seven hundred years after Solomon's time. There was no atmosphere for this kind of poetry then. The male-diction prophets were on hand. Samaria had been destroyed. Jerusalem had been captured, and its finest spirits had been carried into captivity, and the Hebrew nationality gone forever. They were

hanging their harps on the willows then. They had been beaten and tramped into the ground, and every loyalist Hebrew was looking for a Divine Deliverer to come and do for them what they could not do for themselves.

As the Song is printed in the Bible, some vandal hand has touched it. It reads as if it had been clipped into strips and then thrown together, helter-skelter. It is like a piece of colorful cloth of the ancient weave, cut into scraps, and the scraps used to make a crazy-patch. There is no through-running thread in it. It has no clear movement. It is a mystery, hard to dissect and define. Any apt reader sees an incongruity. The artistic charm, the blazing mentality, lacks consistency and order. No piece of writing has ever been subject to so great distortion. The brilliant author would never have produced it as it is now printed.

All the parts of the poem are intact, or nearly all. Some of these parts are where they belong. Others, in this interpretation, have been made to step around to where they belong. They have been made to yield to a logical coaching. No liberties are taken with the text. No use is made of technicalities of speech. No radical thing has been attempted. The Ark has been shaken slightly, but it has had no rude handling. A straight look has been taken into the text to find a beginning, and a middle, and an end. Two consequences appear after such an adjustment. It reads as clear as a limpid stream

runs. It is the cleanest, finest love story that ever came out of the Orient.

Furthermore, it will be noted that there is not a religious, an ethical, or a moral intimation in it, except one, where the maid says of her lover, "The upright love thee." There is no undercurrent of intent in it. There is no purpose in it except it be to preserve the Shulamite family tradition. *There is not a trace of symbolism in it.* The episode is real,—an attempted wife-stealing by a king.

If the foregoing is made good to the reader by the setting here given, then another thing should be said introductory to it. Being where it is, in the book of religion of the advanced peoples of the world; having kept its place most of the time since it was written in the wonderful composite; having survived its age-long language transcriptions, it must have in it somewhat more than what appears on the surface. It is well enough to be informed by this literary survival that young people of that ancient time fell in love with each other, but it ought to have something more than that to say. It could not reasonably be a part of the most serious book in the world if it lacked the nobility of some primary appeal. The feeling is natural that anything in the Bible must deal with the human life in some uplifting way. By some sort of consistency it must fit into that great collection of writings where human conduct has its chiefest accent. If there are ugly events or chapters, they must be made into sign-

posts of warning. These conditions, I think, will all be met in the dramatic movement of the Song of Songs. The message is structural, and of tremendous import.

A Hebrew mother had her home in "The clefts of the rock, in the secret place of the stairs," somewhere up the slopes of Hermon, or Lebanon, and in the border region between Galilee and Phoenicia. She had two sons. She had a daughter grown into young womanhood, who was a very great beauty.

She was not only the physical perfection rhapsodized in the poem, but she was primitive goodness as well. She was goodness at the fountains. She was goodness in full flower. She was goodness uncontaminated with any questionable teaching or example. She was goodness with the flavor of a mother-life about it. For this reason, as will appear, when brought by the hapless human circumstance to face the supreme test of a woman's worth, she stemmed a torrent, without being aware of her strength.

This young woman was of more significance than the record shows. Sixty queens in the palace pay her the greatest consideration. They call her a "Prince's daughter." She is not the typical yielding Semite woman. The unconscious royalty of her spirit leads one to the opinion, or to the surmise at least, that she is half Ægean, or Hittite, or Phœnician, or, by lesser chance, half Greek.

Many centuries of unwritten history lay the other

side of the Hebrew occupancy of Syria. In the geographies north and west of little Palestine, and around the Mediterranean, there are mute evidences of carnages and exterminations on a large scale. The Hittites here at one time were a superior and powerful people. But they were conquered and driven out at least five centuries before the time of Moses, by migrant hordes from the Danube. These were Indo-European people known as Greeks. This early Greek stock gripped and held for centuries the region now known as Anatolia. They built many cities, and left traces of their primitive and prophetic art.

Cruel and relentless as were these pre-historic wars, there could be no such thing as utter extermination. The stronger and shrewder ones would reasonably escape. They get away to live somewhere, anywhere, without a country. When all is lost in a human desolation, a man and a woman at least are likely to go out along the road together and establish in a new place, Nature's biologic unit of the human togetherness. For the fugitive hordes there was room to fly eastward. The Hittite inclination would be in that direction. We know that the Philistines, who gave Israel so much trouble, were a spirited and advanced people,—refugees from the Ægean region somewhere. The mountain land of Lebanon was a good place to hide, and to survive, barehanded. It was one of the sleepy regions of the earth at that time. The soil and the

climate made it a Garden of Eden. It was somewhat off the line of the surging migrations. There were no highways through it for masses of people, but living-places for those who could climb into it, and wanted to hide in the highlands. People lived then in such a place like the Riffs now live in Africa.

It is certain that this territory was occupied by a people of spirit when the desert tribes from the south arrived. They were never subdued by the Hebrews. They lived on some sort of peace terms with those who came among them uninvited. There would be blood admixture. The law of exclusive Hebrew marriage had a religious, a tribal, but no racial reason for itself. Marriage with the Syrians was an advantage to the nomad strains of the south.

It is not known that the mother of the Shulamite was a widow. She lived in one of the high places of hiding and defense. That fact, however, in her time, would only have the value of a tradition. She had a house secluded in the cliffs, and the entrance was by a secret stairway. The woman was Hebrew. The daughter would be of that loyalty. The story has only the Hebraic incident. There would be prejudice at Solomon's court against this lover of alien blood. The name of the young shepherd does not appear in the context. The maid says of him, "Thy name is an ointment poured forth,"—that is, of good stock. The father may have been a head-man of a tribe here. Solomon's courtship may have meant to placate a possible enemy of strength.

These northern peoples were a perpetual threat to the security of the kingdom headed at Jerusalem. Much of this is a mere guess, but it accounts for the quality of woman who marches down the middle of the road in this romance of love. She was not a mere rustic picked up by the roadside.

III

The story begins with this beautiful young woman who has found her lover in the hills not far away. She knows him to be her mate. She has the fancy to invoke the north wind to prepare things for a lover's meeting.

In that ancient time, dress was a standard. The desire for personal adornment and gratification was satisfied in the delicacies of taste and smell. These the climate and the soil furnished spontaneously. The east and north shores of the Mediterranean were always the mystic lands of the spices. When Alexander the Great first went into that region he sent several tons of aromatics to a friend, and made him rich. Southern Bulgaria at the present time furnishes a fastidious world with its supply of attar of roses. Frankincense and spikenard were shrubs in Palestine. So now, if Cupid has his way with her invocation to the winds, she will come to him perfumed with the spices of her garden, and he will come to her with the sweet breath of honey and wine and milk.

Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south;
Blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out.

Let my beloved come into his garden,
And eat his pleasant fruits.

(4:16)

I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse:
I have gathered my myrrh with my spice;
I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey;
I have drunk my wine with my milk.

(5:1)

It is the free-masonry of love. Cupid gets his way with the winds, and she gets from him (by way of the winds) a delightful message:

My beloved spake, and said unto me,
Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away;
For, lo, the winter is past,
And the rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth;
The time of the singing of birds is come,
And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.
The fig tree putteth forth her green figs,
And the vines with the tender grape
Give forth a good smell.
Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.
O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock,
In the secret place of the stairs.
Let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice;
For sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely.

(2:10-14)

The time of the meeting is at daybreak, and the place is the hill frankincense. Her daily task is in the vineyards here. She makes to him the coy suggestion that they may drive out the little foxes that spoil the vines. She takes only two lines for the foxes. They are not arranging a fox-chase. Her beloved is a watcher of his own flocks through the night. His time is up at daylight, as she well knows. In matchless imagery, she tells him to hurry, and she promises to be there:

Until the day break, and the shadows flee away,
Turn, my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart
Upon the mountains of Bether.

(2:17)

Until the day break, and the shadows flee away,
I will get me to the mountain of myrrh,
And to the hill frankincense.

(4:6)

Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines;
For our vines have tender grapes.
My beloved is mine, and I am his;
He feedeth among the lilies.

(2:15, 16)

Next morning as soon as the grey lines of light first break over the crags of Lebanon and begin to glint into the shadows of the valleys to drive them away; and the sun, with its garments of emerald

and orange and gold, begins to clothe his child the day, and get it ready for work, and to set the throats of the songsters to going,—she goes out from her home, with a bundle of frankincense in her arms, and she slips out through the paths of the vineyards up towards the top of the mountain, to meet her lover. It is a fine moment in a young woman's life when she flames with love's holy passion for the man she knows to be her mate.

Solomon's horses thrived in this north country, and he built great stables for their keep. He had palaces there for some of his queens. When he took royal blood for a wife, he paid tribute to a stronger ruler by building her a palace.

A truant king would also know that these mountain slopes produced beautiful women. The Hebrew family life, acknowledged as a superior type in all western Asia, had its finest expressions in these hills. The region itself was one of fertility and beauty. Centuries after the Hebrews passed out of it, the Druses took possession and nursed its old-time tradition for the human physical charm. A part of their religion was the cultivation of an austere life. A decayed remnant of these people yet live in little huddled communities not far away. They have lately shown spirit enough to give France some trouble.

One of Solomon's charioteers effects an accidental meeting with our maid, up the way of the mountains. He has great courtesy of manner and speech.

She is inexperienced, unsuspecting, unprotected. The fine horses charm her. The chariot of sandalwood and beaten gold is a splendor. She is beguiled inside to admire it. The door snaps! The driver speeds towards Jerusalem! Against her will—what of it? Wife-stealing is high romance. Fright—revulsion—the woman's understanding—the pain of it—what difference? It belongs to the game. It is an idyll of the tribe. A king's capture of a beautiful woman is usually a family capsheaf. What follows here is another story. She is soon secluded in the king's palace. Ammi-nadib plied the whip to the horses at first. These mountain people had spirit, and it was prudent also to reckon on a mad lover, if he were aware of what had happened. But now, day-after-tomorrow is time enough for anything. She can be given days for the fury of her emotion to pass away. She can have some silent hours for self-decision. It is the old, old story, then as now repeated,—beauty in woman is never far away from her life's deepest sorrow. The bare feet of this one touches the edges of the hot marl.

Fresh out of a world of wild childhood experiences, she has nothing to help her in the stress of the awful circumstance. Her mother, her brothers—what are they doing? That mountain lad of hers—what does he think since she did not meet him in the vineyard? Will he be disappointed? Will it be to him only a romance of the morning, and will he smile on the other maidens of the hills? The little

jealousy stirs her because her soul is with his on the mountains. Alone in her chamber, she talks to herself in disconnected and incongruous phrase. Read what she says there, and keep it to yourself—you are listening through the keyhole:

Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth:
For thy love is better than wine.
Because of the savour of thy good ointments
Thy name is as ointment poured forth,
Therefore do the virgins love thee. . . .
The king hath brought me into his chambers:
I will be glad and rejoice in thee.
We will make remembrance of thy love more than wine.
The upright love thee.

(1:2-4)

The maid is presented to the queens, appropriately robed and jewelled. This kind of adornment usually quiets the conscience of the Oriental woman and ends the argument. Quite a change in this one, it is, from the homespun of a toiling hill-girl's life. The queens praise her matchless beauty. They tell her the king is in love with her. What they say befits the feminine dwellers in the harem.

How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O prince's daughter!
The joints of thy thighs are like jewels,
The work of the hands of a cunning workman.
Thy navel is like a round goblet,

Which wanteth not liquor:
Thy waist is like a heap of wheat
Set about with lilies.
Thy two breasts are like two young roes
That are twins.
Thy neck is as a tower of ivory;
Thine eyes like the fishpools in Heshbon,
By the gate of Bathrabbim.
Thy nose is as the tower of Lebanon,
Which looketh toward Damascus.
Thine head upon thee is like Carmel,
And the hair of thine head like purple;
The king is held in the galleries.
How fair and how pleasant art thou;
O love, for delights!
This thy stature is like to a palm tree,
And thy breasts to clusters of grapes.
I said, I will go up to the palm tree,
I will take hold of the boughs thereof:
Now also thy breasts shall be as clusters of the vine,
And the smell of thy nose like apples;
And the roof of thy mouth like the best wine for my
beloved,
That goeth down sweetly,
Causing the lips of those that are asleep to speak.

(7:1-9)

A beautiful woman knows her own comeliness. This one is aware of what Nature has done for her. She knows also that the sun has burned her black, what time she toiled in the open. She puts on herself a true appraisal of the wild. She has the little

hope that it may turn them from the intent she sees in their flatteries. Then she further fortifies herself by an open call to her beloved:

While the king sitteth at his table,
My spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof.

(1:12)

I am black, but comely,
O ye daughters of Jerusalem,
As the tents of Kedar,
As the curtains of Solomon.

Look not upon me, because I am black,
Because the sun hath looked upon me:
My mother's children were angry with me;
They made me the keeper of the vineyards;
But mine own vineyard have I not kept.

(1:5, 6)

Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth,
Where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest
at noon?
For why should I be as one that turneth aside
By the flocks of thy companions.

(1:7)

The queens do not have on their hands anything like a mystery. Among these court women are many who have the finer feminine instincts. There was a time when each one of them may have loved the beautiful and the good. They appreciate the mystic movement in this clean woman's heart. They

begin also to take the measure of her strength, when they see that everything within her revolts against a place in the harem. They see that her only happiness is in the mountains. They suspect also that so resistant a spirit might not be desired. So they suggest that which is not their province to grant:

If thou knowest not, O thou fairest among women,
Go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock,
And feed thy kids beside the shepherds' tents.

(1:8)

She is old enough to know that she can have no controversy with a king. Unless the women show her the way out, her case is lost. She makes the woman's appeal to woman. It is Nature's everlasting call,—Nature's biogenetic law of the group. She has grown up with the animals, tame and wild. She has in her the uncultured impelling to life's fidelities.

All she knows to say is uttered three times in the refrain, and she was inspired to say it over and over, all unconscious that it was an ultimate in biologic law.

A bundle of myrrh is my well-beloved unto me;
He shall lie all night betwixt my breasts.
My beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire
In the vineyards of En-gedi.

(1:13, 14)

As the apple tree among the trees of the wood,
So is my beloved among the sons.
I sat down under his shadow with great delight,
And his fruit was sweet to my taste.
He brought me to the banqueting house,
And his banner over me was love.
Stay ye me with flagons, comfort me with apples:
For I am sick of love.
His left hand is under my head.
His right hand doth embrace me.

(2:3-6)

*By the roes, and by the hinds of the field,
I charge you, O ye Daughters of Jerusalem,
That ye stir not up, nor awake my love
Till he please.*

(2:7)

The Shulamite makes use of the days to fortify her defense, and wonders if rescue will come from the hills. Where is that shepherd lad? Is he whittling sticks on the mountains? What is he doing? Will he not break down the barriers and get to her? Will he not play the man?

Then she goes to sleep and dreams. The dream is a clairvoyant vision of what he is doing. After the disappointment of the dream she utters the refrain again:

The voice of my beloved! Behold, he cometh
Leaping upon the mountains, surging upon the hills!
My beloved is like a roe or a young hart:

Behold, he standeth behind our (home) wall.
He looketh forth at the windows,
Shewing himself through the lattice.

(2:8, 9)

By night upon my bed I sought him whom my soul
loveth:

I sought him, but found him not.

I will rise now, and go about the city in the streets,
And in the broad ways

I will seek him whom my soul loveth:

I sought him, but found him not.

The watchmen that go about the city found me:

To whom I said, Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?

It was but a little that I had passed from them,

But I found him that my soul loveth;

I held him, and would not let him go,

Until I had brought him into my mother's house,

And into the chamber of her that conceived me.

(3:1-4)

*I adjure you, O ye Daughters of Jerusalem,
By the roes, and by the hinds of the field,
That ye stir not up, nor awake my love,
Till he please.*

(3:1-5)

Solomon has spare time, and he struts before his queens. He is the spoiled child of adulation, and, with his mother to lead, they furnish him that kind of intoxicant. Reasonably, the Shulamite is a bystander in the parade. She is the one who has

described it. The lines read like a woman's description of a thing like that. In point of fact, she is the author of the Song. In the first place, the poem has in it the intensities of experience, and in that case, she would be the only one to make the record. Besides, a man has not in him that which is its chief accent and meaning.

It is a feminine mental production. The evidence is internal, but convincing. One instance is her description of her beloved. No man on earth could write that way of another man. He would not if he could. No mere man has ever yet squared himself by such a measure. Love has etherealized its object. So we have here, viewing a pageant, an unsophisticated young woman sizing up a king's littleness and his goneness.

The palanquin of the chariot is adorned with the needlework of many women. The undying love of each queen goes with her stitches into that padded seat of softness. Little bags of aromatics from all lands hang around on the inside of the coverings, to delight the royal nostrils. The mighty men, expert in war, attend him, to keep the goblins away after dark. They have shields of solid gold and their swords at their sides. Bathsheba, his mother, has made it her business to crown him afresh each time he takes a new wife. She believes he ought to have any woman he wants,—and as many. That was her idea of the divine right of kings when she was the lawful wife of a good man and connived his de-

struction that she might marry King David, and that after she had tempted and ensnared him.

Read between the lines. The Shulamite must have composed it in her matronly years, after she had some perspective of its outrageous absurdities. It is burlesque, finely veiled. It is sarcasm and ridicule and derision, all in one. The language is mock adulation. It pictures the weakness of a love-gone man, and the fatuous pride of that most desperate woman, his mother.

Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness like pillars
of smoke,

Perfumed with myrrh and frankincense,

With all powders of the merchant?

Behold his bed, which is Solomon's;

Threescore valiant men are about it,

Of the valiant of Israel.

They all hold swords, being expert in war:

Every man hath the sword upon his thigh

Because of fear in the night.

King Solomon hath made himself a chariot,

Of the wood of Lebanon.

He made the pillars thereof of silver,

The bottom thereof of gold,

The covering of it of purple;

The midst thereof paved with love,

For the daughters of Jerusalem.

Go forth, O ye daughters of Zion, behold King Solomon

With the crown wherewith his mother crowned him

In the day of his espousals,

In the day of the gladness of his heart.

(3:6-11)

The queens have made no headway with a mountain woman outraged and in open revolt, a fact which the king may not know at all. Solomon now makes a personal plea with flattery and much persuasion. He expects to win. When had he ever failed? What Oriental woman declines the offer of royalty? No one speaks to a despot unbidden. To have pled her cause before a sodden king would have been her fate. She listens in silence, and goes out in silence. It is important to get the viewpoint in this prize essay,—of its kind. Solomon does not describe the Shulamite. She *is* a beauty, but not his kind. There is a type of man who cannot look upon a woman except to leer. Solomon describes what he sees. He does not see a great young woman. *What he sees is a revelation of himself.* Fallen and unfit, he throws the shadow of his own dark spirit on the sensitive plate of an affronted woman's soul. So by way of his own adulations she draws him true to life. She listens to one who has a relish for the salacious. Miss Nancy will have to hold her nose and run away. The lines have a value to the student of history. The pornographic in him here, and in his whole life, becomes a study in political philosophy. That will be considered in the next chapter.

All the pleadings of a certain kind in the poem are here combined, because a king is not likely to make more than one personal plea.

I have compared thee, O my love,
To a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots.
Thy cheeks are comely with rows of jewels,
Thy neck with chains of gold,
We will make thee borders of gold
With studs of silver.

(1:9-11)

Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold thou art fair;
Thou hast doves' eyes within thy locks:
Thy hair is as a flock of goats,
That appear from Mount Gilead.
Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep that are even shorn,
Which come up from the washing;
Whereof every one bear twins,
And none is barren among them.
Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet,
And thy speech is comely:
Thy temples are like a piece of pomegranate
Within thy locks.
Thy neck is like the tower of David builded for an armory,
Whereon hang a thousand bucklers,
All shields of mighty men.
Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins,
Which feed among the lilies.

(4:1-5)

Thou art all fair, my love,
There is no spot in thee.
Come with me from Lebanon, my spouse,
With me from Lebanon:
Look from the top of Amana,

From the top of Shenir and Hermon,
From the lions' dens,
From the mountains of the leopards.
Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, my spouse :
Thou has ravished my heart with one of thine eyes.
With one chain of thy neck.
How fair is thy love, my sister, my spouse !
How much better is thy love than wine !
And the smell of thine ointments than all spices !
Thy lips, O my spouse, drop as the honeycomb :
Honey and milk are under thy tongue ;
And the smell of thy garments is like the smell Lebanon.
A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse ;
A spring shut up, a fountain sealed.
Thy plants are an orchard of pomegranates,
With pleasant fruits ;
Camphire and spikenard,
Spikenard and saffron,
Calamus and cinnamon,
With all trees of frankincense ;
Myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices ;
A fountain of gardens,
A well of living waters,
And streams from Lebanon.

(4:7-15)

Thou are beautiful, my love, as Tirza,
Comely as Jerusalem,
Terrible as an army with banners.
Turn away thine eyes from me,
For they have overcome me :
Thy hair is as a flock of goats

That appear from Gilead.

Thy teeth are as a flock of sheep
Which go up from the washing;
Whereof every one beareth twins,
And there is not one barren among them.
As a piece of pomegranate are thy temples
Within thy locks.

There are threescore queens and fourscore concubines,
And virgins without number.

My dove, my undefiled is but one;
She is the only one of her mother,
She is the choice one of her that bare her;
Yea, the queens and the concubines, they praise her.

(6:4-9)

Oriental woman inclines to look manward before she speaks at all. The Shulamite looks womanward before she speaks to man at all. A breeze from the mountains blows through the doors and windows of a fetid palace. The like of her was never known. Splendor and strength and majesty are in her. Woman! Woman! Woman inviolate! Woman absolute! Woman federal! Woman of the ages! From the presence of the king she goes out to the queens and utters the refrain:

*I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem,
That ye stir not up, nor awake my love
Until he please!*

(8:4)

The maid has been more adroit than she knew. She has held herself to the feminine impulses born in her. She did not know the nature of a law which was broader and deeper in its meanings than the understanding of anybody at that time, but all were able to see the pain of its disobediences. Woman especially has always known that, has often uttered herself against it, but she has never been able to help herself. These women of the harem,—picked beauties of the lands, who were compelled to the austere life,—were doubtless charmed by the heart-loyalty of this mighty young woman. The captured one has captured them. They turn about to pay her a very great tribute, and in matchless phrase.

Who is she that looketh forth as the morning,
Fair as the moon,
Clear as the sun,
And terrible as an army with banners?

(6:10)

The controversy is over. She has gained her case, but not her liberty. She has had no word from her beloved. Will he not turn night into day and find out where she is? Will he not have the mettle to come to her rescue? Will he not try to find out at least whether or no she has accepted the lure of gold? As imagination so far has been obliged to bridge these chasms of circumstance, we are not yet free from guesses concerning the movements of this lover from his northland home to Jerusalem. What

turns he took, what lunges in the dark, what deceits, what bribes, what cunning, what fruitless ventures, what daring, what risk of life chances, we do not know. In a brief time he is in Jerusalem. That we do know. We also know that the household of an Oriental despot is guarded. There is no straight road for any man into that palace. A safe guess would be that he bribed his way. His flocks would stand him in good stead. When were bribes not current with Oriental man? When have his brothers of the West been able to throw stones?

We do not know a thing. We may surmise several things, and put a desirable consequence at the end of them. Suppose the old truism had begun to work: "Everybody loves a lover." Then everybody loves two lovers. The queens have begun to entertain themselves with a romance. What do they care if she gets away? If they have discovered a wild man on the outside, they would be well disposed towards him. Under custom and law, they may not be able to help him directly, but they may be able to help her reach out her hand. He has accomplished the impossible,—he has reached her door in the night. He has made careful preparation of his person.

He made bold to put his hand through the hole of the door, when he did not know the mind of the idol of his heart. He may not have been aware of the true nature of the flight even. His words at the door take a brief time, and he has to fly before

he gets an answer. The maid hears and is startled. She hesitates. It may be an intrusion. When she opens the door he is gone. She rushes into the streets after him. The night-watchmen capture her. They take away her cloak, punish her, and return her to the palace.

I sleep, but my heart waketh :
It is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying,
Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled :
For my head is filled with dew,
And my locks with the drops of the night.
I have put off my coat ; how shall I put it on ?
I have washed my feet ; how shall I defile them ?
My beloved put his hand by the hole of the door,
And my bowels were moved for him.
I rose to open to my beloved ;
And my hands dropped with myrrh,
And my fingers with sweet smelling myrrh,
Upon the handles of the lock.
I opened to my beloved ;
But my beloved had withdrawn himself, and was gone !
My soul failed when he spake :
I sought him, but I could not find him ;
I called him, but he gave me no answer.
The watchmen that went about the city found me,
They smote, me, they wounded me ;
The keepers of the walls took away my veil from me.
(5:2-7)

The stuff is in him. He has made the daring venture. She is now stirred with passionate joy. She

knows what she wanted to know above all things. But she was silent when the moments were hours. What avails now in the struggle she had made alone with her captors? She has uncovered her heart to them. She has conquered a truce. And after all of it, his voice at the door startles her into speechless ecstasy.

What contradictions of holy desire! What defeat of all striving! What futility of heart and faith, of courage and brain! She knows, but he does not. Life's ploughshares run deep with him. Let it be known forever that man destroys his life oftener for love than does woman. Let it be seen that at this moment this uncouth shepherd is throwing everything to the winds, for one thing. What reason for her silence? Has she accepted the lure? The heart-break of a woman has brought to him the unutterable pain. Will he struggle with a chance when the chance is not in sight? Will he try again to cross a narrow but brideless chasm? Will he try again when he has once given her the chance to speak, and she said not a word? He will try again because he thinks he knows his woman. He will, because he did.

Remember that the maid is in good favor with the women. If they know her beloved is about, and she can get a word across to him, nothing else matters. Death itself does not matter, if only her lover can know the situation and the truth. She appeals to the queens.

I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem,
If ye find my beloved,
That ye tell him, that I am sick of love.

(5:8)

There are always goings-on in a harem. The wit of many women with their heads together seldom fails them. Of course they do not have the same degree of interest in it the maid has. They cannot see why the Shulamite prefers the wild, rude life of a sheperdess to that which they enjoy,—or think they do. They do not see why Solomon is not a good catch for any woman. They become curious about the quality of this maid's lover, that she should be so set upon him. They ask her, and they get an answer worth hearing. What woman in love is ever less than eloquent on that subject?

What is thy beloved more than another beloved,
O thou fairest among women?
What is thy beloved more than another beloved,
That thou does so charge us?

(5:9)

My beloved is white and ruddy,
The chiefest among ten thousand.
His head is as the most fine gold,
His locks are bushy, and as black as a raven.
His eyes are as the eyes of doves by the rivers of waters,
Washed with milk, and fitly set.
His cheeks are as a bed of spices, as sweet flowers:
His lips like lilies, dropping sweet smelling myrrh.

His hands are as gold rings set with the beryl.
His belly is as bright ivory overlaid with sapphires.
His legs are as pillars of marble, set upon sockets of fine
gold:
His countenance is as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars.
His mouth is most sweet: yea, he is altogether lovely.
This is my beloved, and this is my friend,
O daughters of Jerusalem.

(5:10-16)

It is not necessary for Solomon to know everything. The queens are in a frame of mind to help outwit their miscellaneous lord. They may know where the young man is. The playful question they ask the maid intimates as much:

Whither is thy beloved gone,
O thou fairest among women?
Whither hath thy beloved turned aside,
That we may seek him with thee?

(6:1)

She does not give herself away. She does not wish to tell them that he is in the city. When she asked them to take her message to him if they found him, she did not convey to them the knowledge she had. She is not yet assured that they are his friends.

All along this tragic episode she has not fallen down in word or act. She has not lost her cause by petulance. She has been unfailingly courteous, as

the queens have been. She has been mistress of the woman's supreme persuasion, which is the fact that she *is* a woman. Her beauty has been mesmeric. She has made regal use of its charm to save herself.

On the outside the nameless one has been secretive and forcefully tactful. He has been able to settle issues on the spot. He has not aroused antagonisms. He has not whimpered nor made a noise. Neither of them at any moment has shown resentment. They have not attempted the useless. The dwellers in such a palace are never in a mood to take advice, or to be rebuked by anybody. Whoever undertakes to deliver a moral lecture to a harem, will get no recompense this side the resurrection of the just. This mountain man need not be expected to give any moral account of himself, or to take things vicariously, but to outwit the boobs of the palace. A friend of the kind, to be purchased, has some value, if you make use of him in haste, and be done with him. If he buys in, what he gets will be worth the pay. He might have made such a deal direct with Solomon,—who knows? But in that case he would have nothing left for a rainy day.

What we do know is, the young woman beats for time with the last question of the queens, and she looks them demurely in the face and says:

My beloved is gone down into his garden, to the beds of
spices,
To feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies.

I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine:
He feedeth among the lilies.

(6:2-3)

If the queens know where he is, this is rich enough. In the absence of knowledge of the smaller connecting links, there is only one conclusion. The inevitable in a love-match like this comes about. The queens conceal their steps, and directly they see two contented ones go down the road together. They give them a parting salute:

Return, return, O Shulamite;
Return, return, that we may look upon thee.

(6:13)

The Shulamite has in her for the moment the idea that she has appeared to them all along as a rugged battler, when she has been only a wild one from the mountains taken away from her lover. She answers back:

Why will ye see in the Shulamite,
As it were, the company of two armies.

(6:13)

From Jerusalem to Lebanon is a journey of days for footmen. The roadway then would be through a land of populous villages. The Abrahamic hospitality was theirs if requested, but a keeper of his own flocks would be in no need of that. Money would be rags to him, anyway, if he had any.

On the way home they have time to converse. Her words to him were such as the confidences would call out, and they are in perfect Oriental good form. What she says, you keep to yourself,—you are again listening through the keyhole.

I am my beloved's, and his desire is toward me.
Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field;
Let us lodge in the villages.
Let us go up early to the vineyards;
Let us see if the vine flourish,
Whether the tender grape appear,
And the pomegranates bud forth:
There will I give thee my loves.
The mandrakes give a smell,
And at our gate are all manner of pleasant fruits,
New and old,
Which I have laid up for thee, O my beloved.

(7:10-13)

O that thou wert as my brother,
That sucked the breasts of my mother!
When I should find thee without, I would kiss thee;
Yea, I should not be despised.
I would lead thee, and bring thee into my mother's house,
Who would instruct me:
I would cause thee to drink of spiced wine
Of the juice of my pomegranate.
His left hand should be under my head,
And his right hand should embrace.

(8:1-3)

They come to the familiar places of their childhood. The Shulamite mother, from her dwelling-place in the heights, sees them coming up the roadway out of the forest. She is beside herself with joy. The mother-feeling gets the best of her, and she tells a little tale out of school. She recalls the time when she laid herself down under an apple tree, and struggled with God for the life of that girl-child, and now, *out of a blacker night she gets back her own.*

Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness,
Leaning upon her beloved?
I raised thee up under the apple tree;
There thy mother brought thee forth:
There she brought thee forth that bare thee.

(8:5)

Home at last. That household in the cliffs may yet speak the sweet name of daughter and sister. The natural first thing for the daughter now to do, after she has greeted her mother, is to tell her how it came about that she went away from home without ceremony and without farewell. She is reticent about the meeting by appointment on the hilltop. She may have trespassed on some of the home discretions in an appointment at so early an hour, but whatever may have been the inadvertence, the sequel explains itself:

I went down into the garden of nuts
To see the green fruits of the valley,

And to see whether the vine flourished,
And the pomegranates budded.
Or ever I was aware, my soul made me
Like the chariots of Ammi-nadib.

(6:11, 12)

The two have made their rounds in a rough journey in their courtship. Since they are through with it, they probably do not regret the experience. They are both wiser than they were in the world's ways. Every feature of it has been a test of loyalty. With this kind of rounding in, there is only one expectancy. The hillside people come together directly for a marriage feast. The fact itself does not have statement, but there is no other explanation for the closing lines of the song. The marital covenant, which they recited together doubtless, is about as great as could be put into speech:

*Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm:
For love is strong as death;
Jealousy is cruel as the grave:
The coals thereof are coals of fire,
Which hath a most vehement flame.
Many waters cannot quench love,
Neither can the floods drown it:
If a man would give all the substance of his house for love,
It would utterly be contemned.*

(8:6, 7)

It is never wise to nurse a shadowed circumstance. Inasmuch as the rugged episode has such a delight-

ful close, it is fitting that unpleasant memories be brushed away in a feast of gladness. A little nonsense and merry-making, with a snip of badinage, comes in. We run across a couple of after-dinner speeches,—so to call them, as they were made three thousand years ago. Surely there is nothing new under the sun.

Since time ever was, brothers have been inclined to cut didos at a sister's wedding. The two young men who sent their sister into the vineyards to get tanned, and for the reason that she was born a girl-baby, and who did not get down to Jerusalem, so far as anybody knows, now take the center of the stage. A sister has declined a place at a king's court and comes home to compel an appreciation of her quality. This the brothers do, but they have no intention of yielding the place of the brotherly importance and guardianship.

One of them makes up a funny little speech. It is fearfully absurd, with not a word of truth in it, and he knows it:

We have a little sister,
And she hath no breasts:
What shall we do for our sister
When she is spoken for?

(8:8)

The other brother knows exactly what they can do for her. He speaks in cryptic phrase. Or is it

a conundrum? He is a kind of philosopher in the bud. He is also deliciously patronizing.

If she be a wall,
We will build upon her a palace of silver:
If she be a door,
We will enclose her in boards of cedar.

(8:9)

A wall signifies stability. It is the fortified defense. It is the capacity to take care of one's self in the evil time. In this case it is the inviolate chastity. A door is an opening. It means easy access. It means a yielding disposition. It means surrender to flattery. It means the weakness of a flabby will. A woman who is a door is a woman without character.

The sister makes brusque answer to this banter of her brothers. She gives them to understand that she is in no need of a cedar-board fence, and that she cares nothing about a turret of silver. She reminds them that she has already been spoken for and taken. Then she utters at long range a brief valedictory to Solomon and all his belongings. She also expresses pride in the great sturdy man who stands beside her and who is now her husband.

I am a wall, and my breasts like towers:
Then was I in his eyes as one that found favour.
Solomon had a vineyard in Baal-hamon;
He let out the vineyard unto keepers;

Every one for the fruit thereof.
Was to bring a thousand pieces of silver.
My vineyard, which is mine, is before me:
Thou, O Solomon, may have a thousand,
And those that keep the fruit thereof two hundred.

(8:10-12)

The young man's gardens and flocks are not far away. There is to be a welcome at his end of the line. They await the coming of the bride with him. She suggests to him they had better go. She does so in fine taste and rapturous phrase:

Thou that dwellest in the gardens,
The companions hearken to thy voice:
Cause me to hear it.
Make haste, my beloved,
And be thou like to a roe or to a young hart
Upon the mountain of spices

(8:13, 14)

There is nothing more known in Hebrew annals of these two people. They go their contented way up the mountain paths to their own home,—and into obscurity. A great woman-character of the Bible goes out into the echoless realms of the unknown. Mary, the Mother of Jesus, was sweetness and purity and holy motherhood. The Shulamite was beauty and purity and strength. She set into life in the dramatic episode of a few days one of the vitalest practical messages of the ages.

Here is an ideal courtship, and it means an ideal family life. We may pursue these two people with a safe imagination, for we know what their lives will be in substance, but not in circumstance. What a manly consort for a great woman! She did not forsake the prudential way when she declined the offer of a king, with strings of pearls, and plates of gold, and studs of silver, to go out and live in the gulches of the rocks,—to accept a life of toil and service, to become a mother, to sleep at last in an obscure grave, and take her place with the nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand human beings born into life. Yet she has outlived in this world's life, all the queens of Solomon, and she is the most uncompromising rebuke the world ever knew,—*of the Solomon kind.*

What does it matter to others if these two people are satisfied with life's simple joys. They have grown up together. They have had similar experiences, which they now share, and share alike. They delve together. They eat from the same dish and drink from the same cup. They make the same journeys together and see the same things. They climb the same mountains and swim in the same streams. They cultivate the same tastes and grow like each other in habit and feeling. They have a common outlook, which compels a registry of like ideas of the world as they know it. They have one garden of spices, and the wild bees in the rocks make honey for two. They give and take in life's foibles. They

have an occasional drab day, but this is a love-match and not a contract, and by that sign they ordain the family unit, which is life's best school of conduct as well as life's greatest clearing-house of the real.

The Shulamite had no right, under the circumstances, to what Solomon offered. No woman has any right to barter her beauty. If she has, and puts in on the market, what does the buyer get? That in her which the king wanted to buy is never worth more than two pinches of salt. That which the young man bought with his loyalty and force was a piece of gold rolling uphill,—an untarnished woman with a great spirit in her.

Life's elemental forces will always revolve about woman, for a reason that is laid in the nature of existence. Hers is not superiority of strength but of function. For that reason she holds an unassailable place of power. For that reason she will always have for man the attraction which Nature gave her. For that reason she will never fail to possess him with the most masterful of all emotional influences. As his wife, she is only his equal. As his child-bearer, she is federal. She represents the species. She is the pre-natal divinity of every human life. By so much is she a divine force in the life of the world. *The bearing and rearing of the child accomplishes the spiritual education of woman.* The childless woman can never hope to be as full-rounded as the mother. She may be great in character and perfectly justified in the childless life, but

she can never know the mother-awakening. The differential of that is born in the woman when her child is born. It is a crisis-arrival in the evolution of life. It is the quality of love in *degree* by which the race is bonded instantly in the direction of its fellowships, its brotherhoods, its federations, its fealties to God. *All religion, from the human side, founds itself here and not elsewhere. What she is, she is structurally. She is the creative summit, the origination of loyalties, sacrifices, devotions.* Does she not take the race safely in her hands in the plastic and helpless days of childhood? There was a time when what a woman did for each one of us became an actual mediation between life and death. We were held by her under holy life-currents, at a time when we did not need to know anything more about the great good God than to feel the touch of her sweet and tender physical attentions. That was the time also when she could not have been turned from what she did for us by the threat of millstones. Is she not, then, God's woman, perforce of the part she plays in the kingdom of life? She has mouthed no formulas, recited no confessionals. Her fellowship, by the way she is bonded to her offspring, relates her to the Divine by immediacy. The reason for religion is laid in the universe, but its creative first-forms for development in the human life are laid in *motherhood*. There is but one love. The holy and unerring movements which a child inherits when it is born are not unlike the appeals of Calvary.

Those of us who have been well-mothered do not learn that which is new from the Passion of the Cross. We see love accented,—raised to the *n*th degree,—love focussed there, and as it has never been elsewhere; but the appeal is to the same fealties and the same kind of dominion which a mother transmits when a child is born unto her. There is no principle of the religious life anywhere which does not find elemental expression of itself in the life of a mother who holds her babe in her arms.

CHAPTER IV

- (1) ROOTED IN THE LIFE-STREAM
- (2) THE UNGIRT LOIN—THE UNLIT BRAIN

I

DAVID, King of Israel, was the mighty man to give unity to the Hebrew Commonwealth. He was the relentless warrior to secure the kind of peace that comes of conquest, but which leaves always its lasting resentments. He was wise in his administration and a lover of his people. His leadership and rule brought to the Hebrews their golden age, which broke away from them, almost with a whirl, after his death. There is no question about his marvellous brilliance and force of character. Among the contributors to the life of a peculiar and spirited people, he is classed with Moses and Abraham. His was a genius which lies next to insanity. His war days were over, however, before he lost his mettle. In past middle-life, he went to pieces. Too many wives. His first marriage was a bad bargain, and he kept that pace to the end of his days. His last wife was a selected famous young beauty, whose business it was to pat his cheek, and charm him with herself, while the life went out of his body, and while the gods held their noses.

His capacity for rule had broken on him long before; but in it were brief flashes of his old fire. His strength and self-assertion slowly left him. He had an unkingly grief over Absalom. He magnified a great sin of his life, in an unseemly sorrow over the death of an unlawful child; though the text, in this case, may have been corrupted by Bathsheba.

It is certain that David neglected his kingdom to struggle with the intrigues of his family. He had no son fit to rule. Absalom tried to dethrone him; then Adonijah; and in the last settlements, Bathsheba made use of her strange power over him and went to his bedside in his dying hours and got from him permission for her son Solomon to ride down the street on the royal mule.

A fascinating and perfidious woman was then no longer the power *behind* the throne. On her own motion she seated herself beside her twenty-year old son. Why not,—she put him there? Adonijah then goes to his death. So does Joab, while holding to the horns of the Altar. A little later Shimei is murdered. Then the air is cleared. A woman without a soul, unfit to breed a king, unfit to rear one, has made her young son absolute monarch of the Commonwealth. The worst won out.

The priestly and scribal functions of the Levite tribe were subordinated under both David and Solomon. The chief scribes were only secretaries. They write no real history. They were appointed

by the King, and they had to do his bidding. Their bread was buttered on that side.

The truth about Solomon's character and reign impels the necessity of being true to events. When that is done, we are obliged to impose reason on the credulity which has taken his boastings at one hundred per cent.

About all we know of Solomon is found in the first nine chapters of Second Chronicles and the first ten chapters of First Kings. Notably, there is not a spot on Solomon. A man's own account of his own administration always shows up well. The eleventh chapter of First Kings begins to tell the truth, but this surely is an after-record. Solomon would not have stood for it.

He begins his rule with good intentions. He gives the Lord credit for making him king over a great people; but they were not a great people when he got through with them. He asks for wisdom, and gets it, as he thought, through the vision of a dream. Wisdom the easy way. Spiritual magic. A miraculous infilling. A sight draft on Jehovah. It escapes the bitterness of drudgery.

II

The scribes must have winced when they wrote that Solomon exceeded all the kings of the earth in riches and wisdom, that they sought his wisdom, and paid tribute year by year, and that his wisdom excelled all the wisdom of Egypt.

During all the years of Solomon's boasted reign of peace, Egypt was the hatching-ground of schemes for capturing the gold, which in Judah flowed like water. The people of the Southwest, always inveterate enemies of any rising power in this part of Asia, laid long plans to despoil the Hebrews. Solomon could not see the blow of the winds. He married an Egyptian princess, who lived with him in special splendor, when her function there was that of a spy.

The Queen of Sheba made a trip of a thousand miles to find out the half she did not know. She came in splendor and made great gifts, and lost nothing in her gracious generosity. Her people were shrewd in that kind of exchange. Solomon engaged to answer all her hard questions—the sure mark of a shallow mind. She would not stump him with a poser. She knew her business. Great are the wiles of a woman if you are permitted to pick your woman. She told him all that was in her heart,—that is, she made love to him. In Abyssinia there is a tradition of the royal house of Menelik: Menelik I was the son of the Queen of Sheba by Solomon.

Her people were notorious traders and plunderers. To this day, if you admire the fine Arabian horse of the tent-man of that region, he will say, "Do you like him?" Of course you do. "He is yours," he will say. You had better not take that horse as a gift, unless you have in your pocket

change about three times the worth of the horse. If you take the horse and forget the change, please take a look at the crooked knife in that man's belt.

When the time was ripe for Solomon, some of David's cruelties were brought in for settlement. David had sent Joab over into Edom to kill all the males, but Hadad of the Royal House of Edom escaped to Egypt. The boy grew to manhood there and became brother-in-law to the King, and returned to his people in time to take part in the disruption of the twelve family tribes. Jeroboam also had to fly to Egypt to escape the ill-will of Solomon. He was there coached for leadership of the ten tribes in their revolt against Rehoboam two years after Solomon's death. Four years after this, Shishak headed an army of only sixty thousand men to take Jerusalem and carry back to Egypt the fabulous wealth of the Solomon gold. He also took enough slaves with him to start a new Goshen. This is Solomon's boasted reign of peace. The old trite fable is true. The lion and the lamb took a walk together; they returned together,—the lamb on the inside. An Ethiopian contingent accompanied Shishak's army. Two and two make four.

The building of a central Temple of worship was statesmanlike. It was David's plan, and he provided adequately the silver and the gold. He was an honest loyalist, and not a spendthrift. If this fund was yet intact, it would not have been a start for Solomon.

The building of the Temple and of Solomon's own house were only the occasions of a merciless taxation which impoverished a thriving and worthy people, and which put into them its lasting resentment, and brought on a cleavage that never healed. The Temple did not accomplish David's design. It did not stand in its original splendor more than twenty years. It never had the expected value as a national center of worship. The people of the north were weaned from it before it was finished. The boasted glory of the Temple is the boast of Judah.

The remorseless tax brought the northern people to fearful straits. Solomon could not keep even with Hiram King of Tyre. He undertook to pay him with a strange contribution. He gave him twenty cities in the land of Galilee. They were no longer an asset. The people had been stripped of their flesh, and were walking around in their bones. Hiram declined the gift for the same reason Solomon offered it. But they had a mutual understanding, and a brotherly talk about it.

It is the old, old story of spoliation by rulers. The power to tax is the power to destroy. Unlimited power in any form is an insurmountable evil. Whether invested in despots, or clans, or classes, or assessors and collectors, it is the same unbridled wild thing. Any bald expression of force is an evil without mitigation. Power is never wholesome unless it has a halter. Taxation without limit is the deadliest of tyrannies. It challenges the primal law

of self-preservation. Draw a dead-line between a people and their bread-line, and they fight for righteousness, for there is nothing else left to do.

Solomon counted himself the owner of all valuations and all lives. He conscripted one hundred and fifty-three thousand Canaanitish dwellers in the land. These people had been living among the Hebrews for hundreds of years. They were the descendants of the original holders of the soil and were of no detriment or danger. They were a peaceful people of Semite blood, for whom Moses had made provision in the law. Solomon sent them into the quarries of Lebanon to work without remuneration for twenty years. What became of them after that, no one knows. He had no sense of the natural rights of his subjects.

He was not a money-maker. He was a money-getter. He had no need of business economy, as long as his people had any substance. He could send his ships in long cruises on the hunt for virgin gold, without care for the expense. He was rich, not because he had capacity, but because he had a thrifty people absolutely under his control.

He had seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines. He had forty thousand horses and twelve thousand horsemen and fourteen hundred chariots. The utensils of his house were solid gold. The shields of his body-guard were of the same material. His meat-service for one dinner was ten fat oxen, twenty oxen from the pastures, one hundred

sheep, besides roebuck and hart and gazelle and fatted fowl.

His literary credits are not valid. He could no more have written the Song of Songs than he could have taken a trip to the moon. That piece of brilliance may have been his property. It may have been jumbled for him, to hide the logic which smites him. As it is printed in our Bibles, it would be a collection of love ditties to the queens.

He has been credited with the book of Proverbs, as the only man wise enough to write it. Proverbs is not a piece of literature, but a put-together book. It is more Oriental than Hebraic. It is made up of deep-remembered sayings of many generations.

The first verse of the book is in the nature of a dedication, as the Psalms are largely dedications to David. There were many mental brilliants in the tribe of Levi to do this sort of work. The last two chapters of the book are the words of Agur and Lemuel. It is not reasonable that Solomon should be even the redactor of such a book, when nine-tenths of its substance is a rebuke to his character and that of his mother.

He has credit for many similitudes and parables. If we may believe Josephus, they were of no great value. If they ever had a place in the archives, they were taken out at the last by the devout and sincere ones of later Jewish history, who codified the Old Testament writings and who appear, in the

main, to have exercised a godly judgment and to have cast aside more than they preserved.

It is a certainty that the Jewish writings, for long periods, were subject to great neglect. Would a people of that grade of culture be other than careless when nine-tenths of them could neither read nor write? Some of the prophets could not write. Then there were scores of years at a time when they thought of nothing but their lives. Again and again they were ruthlessly beaten into the ground by stronger peoples. They often fought one another like wild men.

Josiah was startled by the discovery of the Book of the Law lost in the rubbish of the Temple. Long afterwards, when Ezra collected the whole resident life of Jerusalem before the Water Gate and read to them the Law, they were startled into wonder about its message. A people of such hapless history cannot be fairly held to any careful collection and preservation of their literary documents. That the basal elements of their faith were ever held in solution at all through such a stormy and hapless period, with its fateful experiences, is a startling historic survival.

With this reversal of the common judgment concerning the wisdom and goodness of Solomon, what is the value of such a record in the Bible? Is it a revelation at all of the truth? It is a very thunder-bolt out of the sky. A danger-signal has as much value as a sign-board which points the way. Solo-

mon's career is rich in meaning to the student of history. It is a warning of supreme significance. Solomon destroyed Israel. The Commonwealth never rallied from the blast of his administration. That kind of ruler, with that degree of power, destroys any people. Go look into a pit of blackness and turn away.

From the limited geography of the Shulamite's Lebanon home, west and north to the Bosphorus; south to the Indian seas, and east for a thousand miles, the whole area has been practically non-productive of commanding spirits for the last fifteen hundred years. Nearly all that vast land is desolate and barren. Its glory has departed, not soon to return. A sleepy people live in lonesome places over its spaces; and many parts of it, once populous, are going back to the jackals and the foxes. The one universal tragedy is life itself. No one escapes its pain and sorrow. The man-life and the woman-life welter together. There is no outlook for that human-life type. Thirty centuries of reproductive downgrade. The racial urge is broken down. The intellectual force necessary for the mastery of prosperous conditions has been bred out. It is not in them to restore what their ancestors threw away. The blight is on the climate and the soil. The desert vastness is not nature's desolation, but the human incapacity to meet the challenges which long residence on any soil imposes. Nature's fertile places on this planet need never wear out. Any

rich soil may be made to stay so for a thousand years—ten thousand. A drooping mind skins the hills and valleys and sends their fertility into the sea. Modern man will not there rebuild the fated spaces which his ancestors have made desolate. To start from much and go down destroys the capacity to start from nothing and go up.

It is a Syrian and Bedouin characteristic to this day to extol the sentiment of love, but it has no depth of quality. It cannot be said that its spiritual meanings have lost out,—they never did have understanding and recognition in that part of Asia. In a region which has been always the home of restless nomad clans, it is the custom of the most destitute among them, after the day is over, to get out under the stars in front of their weather-beaten shelters, and sing sentimental songs to the accompaniment of reed-pipe and flute and drum. The kind of music they make has in it a weird enchantment, as if its undertones were coming up out of the silences of the desert. With only a specious muffling, it hides the broken-heartedness of a decadent stock, which now tries to make life endurable in an uninviting and impossible land. How pathetic it is to see a group of Arab campers fasten down their tents on the slopes of some wind-blown atoll, with no traces of grass blades in sight, and with a ground vision which looks like the frozen surges of a heavy sea, get together, and sing folk-songs,—remnant notes of a good cheer, which they have cherished after all

other aspirations have died within them. No aspirations of country, none of liberty, hardly any of bread. The music they make is not without its little joy, but to those who have inherited the racial blessings of honored womanhood, it has nothing to show for itself but its own blasphemies and reversals.

Inland Africa is a continent of congenital barbarisms. Its millions have had nature's chance. The climate is a good one for the black man. The soil has an unfailing food resource. Tribal wars have not been so destructive as with the fiercer peoples of the north. The dweller there is also a very ancient man in his place. He may have been an outflow from the older Egyptian dynasties. For thousands of years he has never been able to take any next step and hold it. He has not yet reached the stone-age life-grade. His tribal state is his doom. In some of these units he has degenerated into a pitiable pygmy. He builds automatically from one generation to another, without initiative or constructive ideas. He is generically smitten. Challenge as you will the uplifting forces there, and they run irresponsible to any call. The ungirt loin has produced the unlit brain. The structurally-destroyed is the hopeless.

Explorers and religious propagandists incline to ignore the facts. When Stanley decided to cross the continent for the last time, his wife wanted to go with him. He thought it was not a woman's journey. Aside from its hardships, he did not wish

her to see the depths of a human degeneracy. The gracious Miss Willard of the temperance fame heard of the family episode, and she said, "Who is this Stanley Africanus, that his wife cannot go with him?" There was point to what she said, but the fact remains that neither Livingstone, nor Stanley, nor Roosevelt ever painted the blackest thing about black Africa. No need of further historic instances. Statistics nauseate. The evidence in human annals is overwhelming that *procreative excess strikes first and most fatally at the throne of intellect.* That makes it the problem-in-chief of the civilized world. Before the outward glory of a people has departed the virus of it begins to make inroads on the timbre of mind.

CHAPTER V

THE HUMAN BROTHERHOOD AND THE CRUCIFIXION

TRIAL by error is one of the ways of knowledge. Even in questions of the religious insight, there is no reason why this, or any other term of knowledge, should be transcended. There is no magic in religion that the pursuit of it should be free from the well-known ways by which the mind knows anything at all. Religious knowledge tested in experience, and parts of it found wanting, is the way of the personal advance. It is the way of the Historic advance,—the way of revelation.

The lowly followers of our Lord who lingered near the tragedy of the Crucifixion naturally were not aware that the deep emotion which moved them there,—that is, of sorrow and love,—had any history beyond the memory of a few years. They could not know that the heart-passion which broke through the ruggedness of the Cross had any grounding at all in this world's sorrowful life-stream.

The better way for us, who see it now in perspective, is to think of what transpired there as an event which does not stand alone, except in its supremacy of expression. Every principle connected

with that event has its hoary history. The Logos made flesh took part in creation. The death of Christ is not an exigency in moral government. It is not an afterthought of the Divine to mend an abhorrence. God had made no blunder to be remedied there. Redemption is not an extra. Its elements inhere in the nature of life itself. The mediations on Calvary, therefore, belong to the universe and not to the realm of the adventitious. The Crucifixion of Christ is a message unrolled. Many expressions in the human life, beyond that event itself, have in them intimations of its meanings.

Such intimations have already been shown in these pages to exist in the lower organisms. The finer threads yet may be traced in plant life, where the union of two cells is clearly Nature's first love-leap. The later concepts in astronomy see the constellations of planets floating in space like swarms of bees. That which looks like a confusion and a danger is an ordered movement under one center of draft. It is attractive and not coercive, and the rhythm of it is the music of the spheres. *Calvary, proven to be a conservation and focus of historic values, takes its place as an indubitable term in human knowledge, and its integrities then are as secure as gravitation, or the cycles of the planets.*

The Crucifixion has in it a death. The death there was as an expression of love. Love is the greatest power in the world. We over-magnify the significance of mere physical continuance. There are

values more worthful than that of living another day. A single betraying word from the Christ would have saved Him from the cross.

Nature is wasteful of its sensuous life-units. They are produced in myriad numbers, and they are destroyed in the same way. A sea-bass, in the ooze of the warm waters, will open its mouth, and at one gulp swallow down a thousand small-fry. The magic word with the organism is *use*. A stalk of corn failing of the ear is wastage. The continuing life of an organism is not an end. It is of worth only when it responds to its uses.

We must take care of our bodies, to be sure. They are not pieces of slag. They are not jokes to be sent over Niagara in a barrel. The body is an instrument of the selfhood. We are here in a body, to get out of life the truth in things, and not to live to any particular time. The natural instincts, of course, are away from death. But we know what will come at last. We may live beyond the time when we ought to have died. Then we miss our chance to make our contribution to life. When a brute attacks your wife and you run away to save your hide, what are you worth when you get back? There is an occasion when death is life's highest expression. Life is never discounted when it dies for a principle. Wilkes Booth was a shallow brain when he thought he could rid the world of Lincoln with a bullet. We find *ourselves* when we find out "what for." We may not find out till the death

moment. *Use* is the only justification of existence. We miss the whole meaning of existence when we make of chief interest that which we know will be dissolved directly. A certain type of specialist is inclined to think that Nature is cruel and without an ethic. If we are able to see that which survives the flux of matter, which crowns affection, which enthrones the disinterested motive, which sees the beauty of holiness, or whatever else wastes not in the using, we have then found out what life is, and we are able to put a value on that which is permanent and great. There is no cruelty in a creative process which makes this possible.

A Japanese scholar, a few years ago, at the International Sunday School Convention at Tokyo, said that the Eastern man could not understand the principle of sacrifice in the Western man's religion. Then he would not understand a Japanese mother keeping the vigil of the night over her sick babe. He would not understand heroic action anywhere. He would not understand Nogi, who killed himself because he could not endure to live after his Emperor had died. Suppose it is an overstrain. Grant the doubtful wisdom of the act. How great is love that it should have its insanities. A mother will offer her own life in the place of her son who is to be executed. We do not tolerate the substitution. But would a culprit get away from the persuasion of it? He might be dead already, and not care.

But at the point of it we are not far away from the greatest power in the universe.

The biographer of Joseph Pulitzer misses the point when he says, "A religion featured in an instrument of torture for its superiority makes slow progress in heathen minds." The instrument of torture is not magnified, but the love of Christ, who prayed for His executioners while they killed Him. The cruelty has its abhorrence, like any other torture. It has the *human* explanation. We are won by the spirit of an innocent sufferer. There would be no torture if it were universal.

The deeps of the human love are often clearest at the death moment. Soon after President Garfield was shot, in the Pennsylvania Station at Washington, he was taken to Elberon by the sea. A track was laid from the car-line to the cottage. The engineer asked permission of a property owner to lay the track across his lot. He said, "You can run it through my house, if you wish."

President McKinley was shot at Buffalo. He saw men struggling with the culprit. He said, "Do not hurt him."

Michael Collins of Ireland was assassinated. Before losing consciousness, he said, "Forgive them."

When the sweet nurse, Edith Cavell, was being taken out to be executed, she said, "Patriotism is not enough; I must not harbor malice against any human being."

The wife of a great German-American, in the

going down of the *Titanic*, when she saw that her husband was arranging to place her in the life-boat, and to take his fate on the ship, she said, "No, no, we have lived together too long; we will die together."

The spirit of it is beautiful. The degree of it is often an attractive wonder.

The issue is a simple one. There are values in the world greater than the physical life. And that does not depreciate the actual worth of the physical existence. The hazzards of life awaken a caution for its care; and safety for the body is a natural first reflex in the face of them. The physical life is in front, but not of first significance.

Consider the ideas of the man farthest back in the scale of human living. They are always direct and simple. He shapes his actions by what pleases him, to be sure, but also by his blunt and rugged experiences. He soon learns that if the blood of his body flows out, it means death. *Then the blood in him is his life.* He is not a philosopher. He is a thinker in the raw. He squares himself with his experiences. The life in him is his blood. All of it let out; all of his life goes. A part of it let out; then a part of it goes. A part of his blood eaten by another human being, is a part of himself transferred. Transfusion of one's life through blood is perhaps the first federal idea that ever entered the human mind. Wild tribes are given to killing and eating their captured foes. Not first for hunger.

They seek the bravery, the strength, of a redoubtable enemy. The sanguinary cruelty and the error of the notion has nothing to do with the savage man's interpretation of his experience. It is one of his working ideas, and we have to do with it as a fact. Out of it has grown a world-wide religious phenomenon, which must find its explanation in the radicals of human nature. The low man is never found trying to cover up anything in his life. He is an open book. The one thing to do is to learn his language of action and find his ideas. We do not otherwise get on with him at all. Cameron, the traveler, lost his life by breaking the grass tied across the path leading into an Oriental village. He did not stop to ask the village idea about so slight a hindrance in his way. Stanley, the African explorer, made adroit use of the crass ideas of the black man. He did business with what he found, and not with a theory, even of his own superiority. He took time and pains to make himself *akin* to the head man of the tribe. He takes his seat on a buffalo robe with the black chief Mirambo. A slight incision is made in Stanley's arm and another in the arm of the savage. The mingled blood is put into a pot of beer, and each man drinks half the beer. Then the two arms are crossed and rubbed at the points of incision. Then the medicine man lifts a dagger over the head of Stanley and says, "If you violate your oath of covenant, may your gun burst when you fire it, may snakes bite you,

may you have no more bananas and yams for words to that effect.

The same oath is taken by Mirambo. Then blood brothers. The black man then as well kill himself as Stanley. A part of life is in Stanley. *The Blood is the life, the true nature.* Is the idea a naïve one? It is the truth by a reversal of terms and by the use of a preposition of two letters. That is, it is *in* the blood.

Certain fundamental ideas in the low man are here liberated. Give him credit for being restly on the hunt of whatever makes life too. He seeks to quiet his savage fears in a slow way than the slaughter-pen. He is a slow learner. So are we slow learners.

Oneness of life by *eating the same food* is a widespread primitive idea. The older nomads of East Africa were wholly carnivorous. They drank milk with the animal blood. They devoured flesh with this. The life they had in their blood was thought to be a *tribal* fact. That life was propagated by eating the same food. They had no concept of transmission over chromosome threads. They attached little value to the individual. The life was the physical oneness. Eating the same food together was essential. The act was sacramental in a low sense. They only propitiated the gods on behalf of the tribe. Their practice of human sacrifice to the gods was pathetically sincere.

ng the Semites, any kind of understanding, day, is made more binding by taking a meal r. The Gibeonites made a covenant with by taking a meal with him. Jacob and covenanted with each other in a sacramental The Priest of Midian was adopted as an e by a covenant meal. Among the Arameans, nse was appeased when the guilty one ap at the door of the injured one to confess t. Then they killed a sheep and feasted to-

It meant reconciliation,—*actual identity* i the eating of the same flesh. The world-Abrahamic hospitality has this idea for its Backward peoples almost universally express iendship and good-will in this way. At the the ceremony of marriage among the classic s, the bride and the groom partook of a dittle cake between them—oneness.

nvitation to dinner now is the highest act pitality. But it is an evolution of the old ea,—oneness through eating the same food. the spiritual fact in front of the feast. The rly fellowship is accomplished before the in- u. We perpetuate a splendid custom, and get the superstition. The feast does not create oclaims the friendship. The undeveloped as always struggled with the spiritually de under the idea that eating from the same d the business. That idea is held in the -third Psalm: “Thou preparest a table be-

fore me in the presence of mine enemies." That is, if I eat with them I shall be at peace with them. The early disciples had a custom of taking a love-feast meal together. With them, doubtless, in the later centuries, the fellowship was in ahead of the feast; but the age-long traditions are in it, nevertheless. The feast accented the fact, as a handshake accents the ordinary friendship. But the custom of handshaking is an evolution of a crass primitive idea,—incision in the palm to draw blood, and a clasp for transmission of life. The Cataline Conspirators, in the oath they took with one another, made use of this ceremony.

The instances noted above are a mere outline of the wide-spread customs of our religious ancestors. They were strugglers through a welter of ideas true and false. What they had in them measures the stages of the religious development of the race. Thrown all together, it shows a world-wide similarity, but it is not an insanity. We now see the open mind of an out-of-doors man, and we sift the alloy. Any worthwhile interpretation of the past requires the discriminate judgment.

The Hebrews were not independent of their surroundings. They were never free from occasional acts of the human sacrifice until their later centuries. This side of the Hebrew life need not be covered up. Nothing is gained in any attempt to justify the act of Jeptha in the sacrifice of his daughter, because he made a vow before the battle.

He was a dangerous judge of Israel. He had in him the crass barbaric traits. The pledge he made before the battle was not the cause of the victory. Give him credit for sincerity, and let it go at that. He was a man who had lost his way. His act was a revolting reversion to human sacrifice. Credit him with the darkened understanding, and class him with the Druids and the Aztecs. To fence the episode about with a special meaning, because it is in the Bible, is the dullest kind of ignorance.

The sacrifice of Abraham also has its errors of the understanding. His birth-town was Ur of the Chaldees, a thousand miles east of where his life was largely lived. He was a wanderer, an ambitious dreamer, and a broad-minded Oriental. He counselled with Jehovah, and made with Him a covenant of blood,—circumcision. He understood that exactly as Oriental man understood it. His blood was his life. With that as a sign, he promised obedience to God. In this rugged way he talks with God. It is a language deeper than speech. He pledges his life to God in the bond of his own blood. The depth of his conviction made of it a sacrament.

Now some other basal truths break out. You know the story. When Isaac was quite a lad, Abraham conceived the idea that God required of him to sacrifice his only child. He was mistaken. God in the universe never required that of any man. If Abraham had delivered the stroke, he would have gone the way of the earth with Jeptha. If the in-

cident is real history, which may reasonably be doubted, he was on the edge of doing that thing. The truth breaks into him,—say between the point of his uplifted knife and the life of his son. Let it be noted that the case is not one of a contrary God trying to find out the mettle of a great man here struggling with a new revelation of God to his life. He comes to his senses at the moment when he puts the awful intent over the promise of God. The substitute animal now comes to its meaning in the Hebrew ecclesiastical language. The language is the old idea lifted. The life-giving blood. Blood-shedding signifies life-giving; giving signifies fealty and love. Abraham's sacrifice arrived. The basal ideas in his sacrifice are fed into the Hebrew racial stream.

Animal blood, now, as a substitute life, enters, in a large way, the ritual service of the people. "The blood thereof is one with the life thereof." It was the sign-language by which the people approached God. It was more effective than uttered speech. If an Israelite sinned seriously, he brought a bullock to the door of the Tabernacle, and the priest sprinkled the blood on the head of the Altar. If he committed a trespass, or sinned dishonestly with his fellow-man, he brought a lamb without blemish, from the flocks. When he sinned, he brought a goat without blemish. In sins of the Assembly, a young bullock was offered as an offering.

kind of mediation was a great advance over sacrifice. It signifies a better spiritual understanding. In that state of human knowledge it effective language of devotion. Moses its meanings. The offering meant a dedication the life unto Jehovah. It imaged forth the ons of conduct and worship. It was not a nor a gift. Cain brought the fruit of the

It was a gift of recognition and regard
It was not accepted. Abel brought the s of the flock, which meant contrition and ace. The distinction is fundamental.

spiritual meanings of the animal blood-
s did not always remain clear among the s. In the incessant performance their values
graded. The worshipper would get water-
with the symbol. The ceremony then was
above idolatry. In the dedication of the
the vital aspects of the ritual were seriously
l. In the fourteen days of the services,
slaughtered twenty thousand oxen and one
and twenty thousand sheep, when one bul-
the Assembly was the requirement of the
the great house was set apart for its uses
spiritual beauty. The king did not grasp
ing of the blood symbol. To him it was
itself. Then the more, the better. The
Kidron must have reeked with the stench.
Performance was a repulsive show and a cruel

impoverishment of a people who deserved better things.

The Prophets, with Amos and Micah to the fore, came too late to do Solomon any good, but not too late to utter their maledictions against the ceremonial blasphemies. "Will Jehovah be pleased with thousands of rams?" "To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices?" "Bring no more vain oblations, wash you, make you clean." "Do justly, love kindness, walk humbly with thy God." In the later Jewish centuries the showy ritual became of less and less importance, because it was a form without life, for one reason, and because of the advance of mind for another reason. After the final dispersion of the Jews over the world, made complete at last in the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, the Abrahamic sign language of contrition by circumcision remained with them a fundamental outward bond; and to this day it is the most rugged and tremendously effective sacrament on the earth.

The above crude outline of a world-wide and age-long religious phenomenon only means to say that the Crucifixion of Jesus Christ is not a drop down out of the sky,—that its root-meanings are bedded back into the farthest human history. The fact of it strengthens the rational nature of His career on the earth.

The Great Teacher spoke in the language of the people and in thought-forms familiar to the Oriental mind. Blood was the symbol of life to those who

listened. He did not take time, in a brief public ministry, to correct little colloquial errors of the human understanding, such as belief in demonology, or the erroneous readings of the book of Jonah. That would have been the height of unwisdom. The naïve beliefs of a people, for lack of knowledge, cannot be corrected in a moment, and they are not insuperable barriers to the adroit teacher leading the human mind in the main directions. Christ said nothing about the psychology of the crowd; but His message, nevertheless, is the most marvellous insert in human annals. We arrive at no place of boasting when we criticize His occasional thought-accommodations to a simple and ignorant people. He interpreted their souls unto themselves. He was the revelator of the truth of life. He spoke in terms which they understood, and for that reason it became instantly vitalized among the starving multitudes. The common mind, by the instincts of soul hunger, followed Him gladly. He was not a revolutionist, but He disturbed those who had the smug places. They detected the blow of the wind.

He was falsely accused, apprehended, wrongfully condemned, and He died on a gibbet. That miscarriage of human justice has no particular mystery in it.

An angry God has not sent Him to that, and the administrations of His government are not about to break down. The theories which have befogged the Crucifixion do not belong to it. A child may under-

stand. Whoever desires to know what Calvary is, aside from the contemplation of its cruel tragedy, may read the parable of the Prodigal Son. It is all there in Christ's own language. So great a life transaction, which must of necessity have in it the universal appeal, must have its deepest motives on the surface, so that the man who runs may read. The early disciples had no difficulty, and no differences about its messages. The fact of His self-surrender obscures nothing. His blood poured out was the "full measure" of His fealty and love. It was not crass suffering. His obedience unto death made it sacrificial. There was no magic in the blood. The blood was the symbol of the spiritually real. The love of God was focussed there. It was never so focussed elsewhere. God did not die on Calvary. His love was incarnated in the humanity of Jesus Christ. How much of God? is not a question for mortals. The appeal itself is set in terms of the human life, and it is the highest manifestation of God the world ever knew.

CHAPTER VI

TWO STATES OF MIND

THE writer knows a brilliant young physician, a man in his thirties, who has had thorough preparation in the schools, and who has distinct promise in his profession, but he is absorbed in it, and questions outside his pursuit do not quickly get his attention. I ventured one day to invade his buttoned-up scientific propensities.

I said to him, in banter, "Did you ever see a book called the Bible?"

He replied, "I had a lot of it worked into my system when I was a boy, and I have since had a lot of it knocked out of me."

"You have had a religious experience, then."

"Yes, if that is what you call it."

"Would you care to tell it?"

"You do not want to hear what I would say about that."

"I would rather hear your story than that of any man in town."

A little revulsion of feeling was about to turn me down, but it did not.

"You are getting me off my base; but I will say this much. My parents are both devout members of

the Presbyterian Church. They have given me the advantages of the universities where thorough scholars were my teachers. I have come to cross-currents with some of the instructions of my childhood. I was religiously admonished, but I have not been educated in that direction.

"One thing remains with me, and I do not know what to do with it. I believe my mother when she prays. I can understand her devotion to God, and the qualities imbuited in her character by that devotion. I covet her contentment and the sweetness of her spirit. She has learned to live as I do not know.

"I do not know how to put together what she *is* with what she *believes*. I have been with her through the wonder-book again and again. I am now absorbed with professional interests, and I am confused without being much concerned about it. That is about my state of mind.

"I know that religion may be first of the sensibilities. I know that the grim logic of the laboratories in which I have worked for years does not fit into a prayer-meeting. I can see that the upreach of a soul to God may be in the nature of an instinct, and have in it a certain infallibility of direction. The new-born babes I take in my hands hunt instantly for the mother-fountains of hunger. They have an impulse without having to learn it. There is a somewhat in creation which makes grown men, here and there, cry out to God, as the nestlings in a fence-

row cry out for the mother bird, and all the more if she is dead. In this ocean-waste of life I can see the value of a shoreline. When a bird loses that, its wing will at last dip the waves. I have often wished that my mother could stand beside me in the times when I have been fighting the battle of life over the cradle of a sweet child. By so much am I a mystic.

"But your Christianity is a historic faith, and I do not know what to do with some of the things recorded in the book of it; that is, with the meanings attached to them by the traditional teaching. My mother believes the creation story word for word. She is sure there never was a rainbow in the sky until after the flood. She believes that Noah and his family, eight souls in all, with the animals two-and-two, went down the slopes of Ararat to spread life again over the earth. She believes that the diverse tongues of men were brought on by the wicked people who tried to build a tower to Heaven, and walk in uninvited. She is familiar with the ten plagues of Egypt, and she knows them in their order, and I could, one time, go through with them standing on my head. She delights in the trial-balances of sorcery between Moses and the Egyptian magicians. She believes in the perpendicular walls of water at the Red Sea crossing. She believes that the Hebrews were miraculously fed forty years in the Sinai country. She drilled me in the ages of the patriarchs,—Adam, Seth, Kenan, Mahalaleel,

and at the top Methuselah, nine hundred and ninety-two when he died. I knew that Sampson carried off the gates of Gaza. I knew that Solomon was the wisest man that ever lived. I was taught that Creation was something made out of nothing,—a fiat of God, finished and without furtherance in six working days. I was taught that physical death was a consequence of Adam's sin. These are some of my rough places. I do not believe them as I have been taught. I have come to a state of mind in which I read the parables of the Christ and the sermon on the mount and stop there. I do, occasionally, read the first chapter of Matthew, where both the natural generation of Christ and the miraculous are recorded, and I take my choice. Being somewhat drilled in the biological sciences, I think Nature's way is the divinest of the two. The human embryology is at the summit of life's processes as we know them. The birth of a child comes nearer bringing me to my knees in prayer than any other thing I know.

"The mothering-place of a human life is a palace of wonders. The first terms of a human body and a human soul are laid in a region where the spiritual significance of what comes to pass is out of all proportion to the particles of matter involved. Microscopic movements are held there strictly to a world of ordered law, and they are as clear-eyed as the cycles of the planets. Qualities of character there, both good and bad, pass over infinitesimal threads

of substance and become structural radicals in the life that is to be. A workshop in biology is a throne-room of the Almighty. Do the mediations of redemption contradict the laws of Nature? Is that which belongs to the frame of things blasphemed at the point where it has become sacramental?"

"What a heretic you are."

"I suppose that word describes my state of mind. I may get inside the gate tied to my mother's apron-strings, but that puts me in the cradle-roll. I know what to do with like things of record in secular history, but I am not allowed that rule of interpretation by the major millions of believers,—my mother included."

"There is no categorical answer to what you have said. If you were as scholarly in Scriptural things as you are in your line, I think your head would be as clear as a bell. As it is, I think you are in reach of the key to unlock the door of your perplexity.

"But now I would like to file all you have said for future reference, and talk to you about your mother's religion."

"Very well, if you watch your step."

"I promise to go you one better."

"Go ahead. That pleases me. That is about my limit, anyway."

"When you go home tonight ask your mother if she can take you out in the front yard and show you the Pleiades and the Dipper and Orion. Listen to what she says about them and the way she says

it. *You* watch *your* steps. You could tell her that one star in the constellation Orion is 200,000,000 miles in diameter, and that one quart of the stuff of the Dog Star would weigh a ton in our atmosphere. But you would not talk that way to your mother about the stars. That lifted vision of knowledge is too sudden. She has not had your grounding for such a remark, and she is too old to start in to get it. She is the one who has delved and sacrificed and sent you to school to learn whatever there was to know about the stars, but not to come home and teach the same things to her. She is oriented to the stars in another way. You have no business to disturb the way of her approach. Who knows but she knows more about the ultimate *real* of the stars than you do? John Lord wrote a little book to prove the existence of God through Nature. He had a tug of it. He could hardly climb his mountains, but he arrived,—as he thought. John Lord's mother cut across lots and got there before he was born. Are these mothers disadvantaged? Do they not walk under the stars with freedom and delight? Suppose the terms of their knowledge do not stand the test of the knowing ones? About the silliest thing grown men and women ever do is to get fun out of a baby because it does not know anything and cannot talk. Any degree of knowledge of anything at any time by any body will have in it some degree of misunderstanding. The degree of truth we know is not vitiated by the fact of such limita-

tion concerning it. The degree of knowledge we have is only our own working formula. The ultimate of truth is never realized in an existence which has movement as its essence. There is no finality for a truth-getter.

“Besides, the naïve ideas of your mother have not worked a defeat of her character certainly. Her limitations have not been such as to affect the vital messages of the Book in all the plain places where the messages are to be found. The life-essentials of a great writing must be on the surface, so that the man who runs may read. It would not otherwise be rational when religion is the common element. The great Book does not fail the unsophisticated reader, when it is used as a book of devotion.

“So your mother, by the Book, and by experience, has come to know life’s first values, as you are free to confess. She has filled her place, and she has not shirked. She has lived to transmit high qualities into you. She would look wistfully at you if she knew that you had stubbed your toe over her inadvertent instructions, when all the questions involved in them do not reach down to the deep meanings out of which she has builded her faith. Put them all together, and they cannot be made to stand, even with the traditional interpretations of them, against the deep undercurrents of meaning which in your mother’s life are the highest truths. She has found the center messages which lie uncovered

all through the book, and which take up for their expression mostly in historic incident or devotional didactic, the larger part of its content.

"She has never given herself formally to the pursuit of knowledge. She has not been dull to appropriate what has come to her of the wisdom of experience. She is an educated woman in religious values. She does not have the technique of a many-sided culture. She does not possess the kind and degree of knowledge which demands compositions with the ancient and Oriental Scripture-records. She holds the untutored viewpoint concerning the historical nature of the Book, which depends for some of its rich meanings and its consistencies on its relatedness to other ages than its own, and other peoples than the Hebrews. Religion, in this world, necessitates some new expression of itself with each new age. That is not contradiction. It is enlargement.

"Doubtless a part of your work in the schools has been the study of history in terms of the racial development. You find, for instance, the Neanderthal skull and the death-mask of Beethoven both in the museum at Cologne. You consider the fact that between the two are milleniads of the mental development. You take for granted that the flow of the human experience between them has never been broken. Your inquiry, therefore, goes back by way of whatever you can find, and you are not afraid to investigate, and evaluate anything. You go back

to the time when that ancient skull was on the shoulders of a living primitive man, and you are glad to find any impedimenta he may have left behind him. If not that, you take the measurements of his skull, and you compare it to the skull of the master in harmony,—a representative skull of the modern age. By such study you arrive at certain satisfactory and delightful conclusions about man's primitive state. At least, you are able to make a skull and a death-mask speak to each other, which is a necromancy worth while.

"There is no reason why our Book of religion should not be subjected to like principles of interpretation, so far as they apply. The method of it will bring certain values of its own. These old records are not alien to their time. If they were, they would be of no value to these times, because that one fact would make them spurious. The features in the Book which appear as a blemish at first sight,—that is, scientifically impossible,—actually validate that state of the human advance, as well as the substance of spiritual truth which may be found embodied in them. Are the fine voices of the radio now invalidate because so many do not know what the pestiferous static is? The radio business will be advantaged by the static taken out of it, because it is a defect of transmission.

"But will the great Book be improved with its errors taken out? I think not. They are characteristic without being misleading. They do not hide

the essential and enduring messages of the Book. Those who undertake to modernize and improve the great composite could be in better business. Let them instead go work over the stone records of Yucatan. Let them climb the Andes, six thousand feet up, and give some modern touches to Michu Pichu, that stone city cut out by some wonderful pre-historic people. Let them go to Egypt and put some bay-windows in the Pyramids and bring them up to date. The meanings and the values of the Bible to the modern age do not hinge on a snappy up-to-date rhetoric, or startling phrase. The documents only need to be understood, in their true nature. They need only to be taken for what they are, a human secretarial record of a divine revealing to the human mind, in a remarkable little stream of human history. To take them for what they are, in their completest sense, is to know their age, and the type of mind which produced them.

“The Bible is self-preservative of its values. It will stay in the center of all human currents; it will never be superseded, because it is the greatest of all secretarial records of the soul’s aspiration for God. Its origin, its make-up, its contributions to the life of man,—all belong in the stream of history, and it is graven there in the rocks forever. It is inspired from the bottom upwards. Its spiritual verities are chorded back of the human life into the universe, as we shall see when we have come to take

up that part of your stones of stumbling which we have filed for reference.

"But it is enough for the moment to know that inerrancy does not belong to anything which the human hand has touched so radically as these writings have been touched. Such a statement is not to weaken the Word, but to strengthen it. It is made usable in the fact that it is humanized. An inerrant book would be a misfit for the human mind. That mind would spoil it instantly. It would not be of use in a world which is not for any two moments in the same stay. The craving for an authoritative finality is not valid in sound philosophy. It contradicts life's laws, which imply growth and expansion. An inerrant book must have an inerrant language. There is no such language. It must have an inerrant interpreter. There is no such interpreter.

"Your mother represents a state of mind, vast in its extent, to grip the major millions of believers, because, through the traditions of two thousand years, they have learned their lessons in that way. It has in it an error of viewpoint which has had ill consequences, but it has not defeated the urge of the eternal ideas in Redemption. It cannot be corrected in any drastic way. It has in it a sincerity which in itself always quickens the heart, and which is a magnet to life's center values even if the formal intellect has boggled things a little. Have you not been in religious services where the intellectual at-

mosphere was foggy, and the spirit of worship was a pure delight? That is why John Wesley could say, "If thy heart be with my heart, give me thy hand." There is nothing tolerant in the attempt to displace that state of mind. It will linger about on the earth for hundreds of years, yet a kind of conservative balancewheel. It is at most only a dip in the human advance.

"These major millions, like your mother, are not averse to the truth—any truth. They push their children through the schools where they come out and around to where you are, for the reason that modern culture brings the human mind into startling contact with a living universe. It is a new viewpoint simply. It is another hilltop. It is your state of mind. There are millions of you now with the same mental questionings. The whole of it is valid under the circumstances. The integrities of the intellect demand composition of the truth the mind knows. You may resent the way a man of five thousand years ago comes up to replace the way you see things in the world of Nature. He is dead and out of it, and you are alive and in it, and have to hoe your own row. You consent to the proposition that he was consistent with his age, and you call him your brother and take from him whatever of the bread of life he has in his wallet. But mind, you are not to take from him just what you please and hand back what you please. Conservations of truth from the ages past are not questions of prefer-

ence. The gold and the ivory there are permanences, and have to do with destiny.

"It is a settled conviction with you that no set of ideas or views of things would ever be allowed to have anything to do with the feeling you have for your mother. I think the fact of it has a meaning concerning the truth values of religion. The difference is only about what the Bible teaches or at most the weight of its authority in religious concerns—and it has come about from differences of viewpoint. We might say that it has been occasioned by certain cultural values on your account, and the lack of them on her account. It is not a case between the true and the false, but between the better and the worse. Not an unusual human situation. Your mother has made her adjustment to the supreme good of life in splendid fashion as you are sure. Is it necessary for your adjustment, in the method of it, to be just like hers? Are there not differences which do not involve first principles? Might you not arrive at the supreme good of life through a different class of ideas and such as incorporate the educational values which you cannot forego? With your understanding of what human progress is, you are able to make consistent with what you know almost any degree of man's more primitive state. For instance, if your mother's way of understanding these religious traditions does not appeal to you, why not cut across lots and take your mother's character, her habits, her spirit, her clean-

minded loveableness, and stand that vision up against any woman of bad repute, whose life has not been shaped at all by any good to be seen in her. Why not take your choice and get religion in that way and not lug in so many things to clog one's steps in the beginning? Is not a sample a good proof of quality? Is not the way of it legitimate and adequate? Why not accept the glorious way qualitatively and file this quantum of your perplexity for future reference? Religion is the realm of perpetual mystery, anyway. Prayer itself is a mystery. We need not pray if we knew everything and could help ourselves.

"There is more than one way of approach to the religious life, so far as its motives and inducements are concerned. Whoever has a direct and serious intent to find adjustment to the truths, the ideas and the habits which lead in the direction of life's supreme achievement in goodness and happiness, may find in the human lives about any kind of example from which to make comparisons, and from which to make decisions. The data is sufficient accurately to weigh the good and the bad of life. I doubt if there is a better way for anybody, cultured or uncultured, than to center on some ideal character, as you have in your mother. You see I am trying to say to you that she is all the persuasion you need as a starter. You can swear in under that, and settle other things afterward. Progress thereafter is a question of experience. These special fea-

tures of the Bible content, which you say have been knocked out of you, validate the age to which they belong, and they are not difficult of explanation, with a clear understanding of the nature of the great Book.

"Now, I tell you, my medical friend, I am going to try to clear the air for you concerning a great Book. I will show it to you rooted in the universe. I will show it to you chorded into every step of the human history before its time. I will show you there how your biology rewards the righteous, and smites its sinners and does not offer forgiveness. I will show you from the Bible the chief blast of the ages. I will show you there the glories of Redemption glinting in feeble flame in man's primitive life, and with an increasing light, until they are focused in the passion of Calvary. I will show you there the outbreak of truths from *that* summit, which have become a class of ideas admittedly the most creative and effective the world has ever known.

"I go, but I will come again. If I come not, I will send. Good-night."

"Good-night. Come, or send."

CHAPTER VII

THE SYMPATHETIC APPROACH

SCOUT the banks of an American river, and you may pick up, here and there, flint arrow-heads, shell beads, scraps of broken meal-mills, wampum, and other harmless traces of a departed race. By so much are these things a history of the kind of man who lived here and pitched his tents for a brief stay in a migrant life. Such trinkets awaken a kindly intellectual sympathy for the man who used them. They tell a true tale about him,—his skill in artistry, his fleshly necessities, his manner of life, his grade in the human ascent. The meanings, so far as they go, are as clear as the definitions in a dictionary. When you think of a dead Indian, you may safely think of a good one. What you have found makes no appeal to your prejudices. Anything above ground so ancient as that has your good will. Your findings awaken your curiosity. You appraise the man dispassionately. You are in a pleasant state of mind. Your findings make you so, if you are only a novice on the hunt of curios. If you are an antiquary, you are in ecstasies. You may make a score of mental pictures, any one of them true to life. You are

likely to have colorful visions of the one who lived on this spot before the day of written speech for him. He has left you, unwittingly, a few signs of what he did, and nothing of what he said. He has had no dreams nor intent about you. These things he dropped, or lost, or wore out, before he went away, or died fighting, or, by lesser chance, went peacefully to the happy hunting-grounds. These are quiet voices. You get the track of a certain type, and you follow the lead, without credulity, and without hate. That is, you are loyal to the facts as you find them. You do not wish to subject them to the strain of any theory which they will not bear. That is only plain intellectual loyalty. A fact does not bluster—it stays. It is a mandate. Whether or not we are able to explain it, or give it consistency, we must face it. There is nothing to do but to square oneself and make composition.

It is the same with the whole of the long-drawn human past. It is a fact that on the other side of the uncounted years a type of man lived on the earth, who ran wild in the woods, who fed on raw flesh, who wallowed in the dirt, and died of its diseases, and who was half asleep and half awake for so many centuries, that it seems like a lesson in the waste of time.

There was another type, a step or so in the human advance, but he had not the beginnings of written speech. He had a language, but what it was like we do not know. He has left traces of himself in

tools and in trinkets made of bones. He drove the wild bears from their places in the caves, and took the caves for his own dwellings, and made rude pictures on the rock walls.

There was a later type, who made stone instruments of utility. He has also left stone monuments in walls and temples and mausoleums, which do not cease to be a wonder to the modern mind. We do not know all his handicaps, but he must have been a great struggler and sufferer. He had in him one gleam of daylight. He did not defeat posterity. A remnant, at some time, somewhere, broke through. That remnant has repeopled the earth with slightly better human stuff. But whether we like it or not, he is our ancestor. He is so far away and has been so long out of the running that whatever he was, or was not, makes no difference with our social standing.

The concern is this: nobody has ever lived this side of that primitive man,—or the other side, for that matter,—who has not, or does not, belong to the stream of the human history. Individuals, families, tribes, nations are not to be understood apart from the long ages which make up this unbroken stream. What we are, on the face of our doings, does not tell the whole story. Material advances, intellectual and moral products, our customs and habits, are transcript traits, in part, from contiguous peoples. Both the smirch and the polish of the historic attrition shows through.

It is the same when we follow the clue of the long dead past in any part of the earth. The one who finds the truth does not try to make things bend to a theory. There is a wealth of the real in the chalice which the ancient man has thrown away. No difference how long he has been dead. Lapse of time is an asset. The more one is fascinated with the far vision, the greater one is enriched.

Moreover, the method of it is delightfully modern. Students of Nature go on the hunt of scraps of things. They piece and patch together. One takes the scale of a fish he has never seen, and he comes around directly with its shape and size and habitat. Another digs in creation's graveyard, and manages to keep cheerful. He has an uncanny way of making the bones of the dead show signs of life. Another kow-tows before each find in the crannies of the rocks. He endures hardship as a good soldier. He gets down on his knees and kisses all the little gods he knows, lest they be angry. He extinguishes himself. He will throw away the product of years when he sees that he has been going wrong. He wants to know the truth and follow where it leads. He deserves no more for that than credit for common sense. He makes the sympathetic approach.

By the same rule we judge the man who is both ancient and Oriental. It is not fair to have him get up out of his grave to be told that he has been convicted of some errors of fact. Who does not live in such a glass house? It is not fair to call him to

judgment by the terms of a modern grammar or dictionary. It is not fair to endow him with infallibility and then give him a trouncing. It is not fair to tell him that he has been thinking of himself as God's man in the sense he was not. He has as much right as a dead Indian to be measured by the findings. If a dead man has any rights at all, he has a right to his own viewpoint, and to have allowance made for his own limitations. The sympathetic approach means that we are to trek down the road he takes, and to pick up his findings, and to find out what he means by his own way of saying things, if he has left us no language terms.

It is waste of time to say what a dead man *ought* to have meant by the way he said it. He may not have meant what we think he said. A man now long dead, in a Methodist meeting, said, "The devil told me this morning not to come to this meeting. I told the old hellion to go away and let me alone." The way to misunderstand that man is to accuse him of being slightly too familiar with the devil.

Will we tell the long-gone Oriental that he ought to have said things in another way? Shall we fasten him down between the upper and nether millstones of a theory which has no foundation for itself in probable truth? Shall we search his records and tell him that he has made some fearful scientific blunders? Shall we put on our war-paint, and look fierce, and go pound his grave with a stick? Is he

so in competition with us that we must down him or die in the struggle?

The ancient man has a right to his own viewpoint. To understand him is to look through his spectacles. We cannot know that he is under an error of vision unless we do that. He has the bias of his own age. He goes to the limits of his own understanding, which is measured by the limits of his actual knowledge. The ancient way of saying things is the ancient way of seeing things. If he is true to his time, his speech is validated. Anything reputed from his age, set into modern thought-forms, would be spurious on its face. The way he sees things may not be the truth in things. But he may also have the wrong accounting for that which is fundamentally true concerning himself and the whole of the human life. This is the sense in which he may be our schoolmaster. If we desire the truth which is life, and which he knew a long time ago, and which he has tried out through the crucible of experience, it is not scholarly to higgle over his terms of speech, any more than to blame him for his native tongue, which is a perplexity to us. It is our business to get in around his terms of speech, and his mental approaches, and see what he means by what he says. He is the man of all the earth to say one thing and mean another. We are not after his sayings to make a fetich of them, but after his truth.

CHAPTER VIII

MYTH AND LEGEND

THE mythic is childmindedness. Our children are myth-makers,—that is, the brilliant ones. They live in a wonder-land of first impressions. Primitive peoples live in the same kind of world, under a deceit of the senses. A myth is not an insanity. It is an immaturity. It is the product of a mind which lacks the ballast of knowledge, born only of a larger experience. Many myths are without meaning. The libraries are overloaded with a mass accumulation which is of value chiefly to the psychologist. But many myths have a meaning. They are legitimate modes of expression. The myth-maker is a useful citizen, if with it he gets the idea across. Many minds have been myth-makers by intent. Homer does not allow the myth to down him. He makes the frogs and mice do great business. His Helen is captured by Theseus, and her two brothers recapture her,—a fitting consequence. He makes good use of Iphigenia and Telephus and Laocoön. In the battles of the Iliad the mythic gods take great part. In the Odyssey, the wand of Athena brings Ulysses to old age in a moment of time. We see in it all no concep-

tion of ordered law, as we understand that term, but the juices of life are squeezed out, and a certain nobility of soul breathes through all that Homer has ever written. He is a great interpreter of the voices of a golden age when the human mind was in wild rapture with the things of Nature and life.

Hinduism, farther East, and farther away in the prehistoric ages, had its base laid in mythic values. In the Vedic time, and in the long age of the Upinashads, the Indian mind was without the ballast of diffused knowledge, and its moods had in them the freedom of the open spaces, and it filled them full of gods and goddesses.

The spirit of fire was Agni. The spirit of the storm was Indra. The spirit of the open sky was Varuna. The spirit of drunkenness was Soma. The spirit of malevolence was Rudra. The spirit of graciousness was Vishnu. The patron god of the soul's desire to become one with the universe, Krishna. This kind of thinking ran on endlessly for a great period of time. Augustine thought of it as the work of evil spirits. He was mistaken. That mass mental vision, which did not give any formal moral account of itself, was yet the basal substance of an after thinking which had an ethic. A system of ethical ideals grew out of it, which is now known to be scarcely inferior to that of Christianity. A jumble which was without consistency has grown into an expression which recognizes largely the

sequences of natural law, and has become of very great value to the mind and life of India.

That mind of the mythic ages was trying to say something. A man trying to say something, and cannot, is a wonder. He may be ignorant and low, but he is on his way out. He has not yet become master of his own inward investments, but he is the father of the man who has. Prescott, the historian, is of the opinion that myth ought to be regarded as the religious poetry of the primitive mind. Its major promptings are from the religious impulse, evidently.

The element of fear, so large a factor in the mythic ages, is not incongruous to its time. Civilization begins with fear. A child cries out with a raucous noise in its ear. When two savages first meet they both jump behind trees. It has at times taken a thousand years to induce their kind to come out in the open, and to agree to live and let live. That is not an extreme time for savagery to come to civilization.

The savage crouches before the thunder-clap, but he will not when he knows more. Knowledge is the way of the human advance. Herbert Spencer has made no point against religion when he has taken hundreds of pages to show that religion begins in fear. He has only proved it rooted in the universe.

Neither is it such a fatal situation that the primitive mind personates everything; that it has no word free from vitality; that it cannot handle an abstraction. The average mind to this day has no great

relish for ideas which are without the sensuous setting. Esop's Fables are myths with a meaning. The lamb was drinking below the wolf in the stream. The wolf says, "You muddy the water for me to drink." The lamb says, "How can I, when I am below you in the stream?" This the wolf said that he might pick a quarrel and have an excuse to kill and eat the lamb. A saying untrue to fact may be true to life. Milton's *Paradise Lost* is a consort of mythic images, with a great lesson. So is Dante's *Inferno*. Civilized peoples have come to know the psychology of myth, and they turn it to good service. John Bull is a myth, but it stands for about what England would do or say. Uncle Sam is a myth, and it means the spirit of America. Santa Claus is a myth. It means love to childhood.

The legend is a myth outgrown. It is myth exalted with a streak of logic in it. It is sometimes long drawn out, as of a mind purposely at work on it to make it quadrate with a world of actual things. Addison said that his chief objection to the legend was its diffusiveness. He was a prophet of the modern time.

A legend with a meaning justifies itself, and deceives nobody. Hercules was given twelve tasks to perform,—each one an impossibility:

The first was to bring in the skin of an unconquerable lion.
The second was to destroy the nine-headed Hydra.
The third was to bring in the golden-horned hind alive.

The fourth was to bring in an immense wild boar alive.
The fifth was to cleanse the Augean stables in a day.
The sixth was to drive away the Stymphalid waterfowl.
The seventh was to bring in the furious wild Cretan bull.
The eighth was to capture the Centaurs of Greece.
The ninth was to girdle the queen of the Amazons.
The tenth was to capture the purple-headed oxen of Rudy
Island.
The eleventh was to gather the apples of the Hesperides.
The twelfth was to bring Cerebus from under the world.

He did all of these things. The legend lauds the heroic in achievement.

There are myths and legends in the Bible, and they are to be interpreted there as the same things in written speech are elsewhere. This kind of utterance is a very small part of the whole record, and it is seldom, if ever, meaningless. There is no composite of written documents elsewhere on the planet as old as the Scriptures, so free from the mythic and legendary traits of the ages which lie so close behind them. They are not steeped with the absurd in thought, as are most other ancient writings, but a few mythic and legendary traits are there, and it is a work of folly, at this late day, to try to make anything else out of them. Besides, they verify the time, and the man who is making the record.

The Babel story is a myth with a meaning. Both its origin and its occasion are pretty well known. Jacob's ladder is a mythic dream with some wholesome aspirations in it. The account of Jacob steal-

ing the birthright of his brother Esau is a piece of magic. So is the story of the pilled white strakes in the green poplar and hazel and chestnut, at the watering-trough, where the flocks came to drink. By way of these incidents, we know more about Jacob in three minutes than if pages had been taken to analyze his character. The story of Lot's wife turned to a pillar of salt is a myth,—which means, if you get a chance to move out of a disreputable place, keep going.

The flood story is a legend. It lives among many peoples. There may have been some cataclysmic settling of the earth's crust in ancient times to give it a start. The Atlantic may have broken through at Gibraltar. Southern Italy and Sicily may have been once connected with Africa. All this is in the line of an accounting; but, as an actual fact, the Flood is a cosmic absurdity. It is primitive thinking, and not dignified when charged up to the God of the universe. It is a coarse, crass killing of men, women, and children, and the animal creation. The wicked then doubtless deserved killing, as they always do, but this overdoes things. The human stock is renewed with the same old stuff, and the head of it a drunkard, at that. This is primitive thinking on moral issues. As an appreciation of the sins and reversals of primitive history, it declares for the Divine righteousness. It is a fine legend, true to life's moral instincts.

It is sufficient of a myth, or a legend, that it have

something for the reason to appropriate. From the circle of the impossible or the absurd, what has it to offer, of wisdom, or motive from the one who has created it? Does it hold out any attractive ideals? Does it have in it the stirrings of a great idea? Does it tend to uplift the spiritual understanding? If so, it is justified as a mode of speech.

CHAPTER IX

TRADITION

BEFORE the invention of written speech, memory was the only storehouse of the human experience. That kind of preservation and transmission is called tradition. The method naturally is not very accurate. After the lapse of time, it tends to vitiate itself by variant touches of the human imagination, and by loss of memory. Tradition, therefore, is not very reliable as to the discrete facts of the past. For that reason, the historians who record events do not like to go farther back than, say, the age of Solomon.

The disreputableness of tradition has been overdone. The substance of history is not its sensuous side. The real is the conservation of value, which gets through the capriciousness of the human circumstance. The idea which gets through and lives after the event is the permanence. It may be said in defense of tradition that, if it treasures the real through its inaccuracies of physical fact, it is not in the nature of a falsehood. It does not injure or deceive.

An Indian brave sits in the open way of his tent and tells for the hundredth time his manhood endurance in the chase, his cunning to outmatch the wild

life about him, his straight-speeding arrows, his prowess in war. When he dies, the tribe takes up these memories and weaves them into other tribal stories, and it has a history which cultivates the tribal loyalties. It is a history of life transmitted by life, and not by any mechanism of print. It is history in the fluid state. Taken with a few grains of salt, it preserves the essential values of the human experience. When such a history is written down, it still remains traditional. There is no way to make it otherwise. There is no way to unscramble scrambled eggs.

To show how tradition ingratiates itself, we need not turn aside from the New Testament scriptures. Instance there the overlap of Moses and Zoroaster.

It is known of all men that the pastoral life necessitates much territory for a few people. The primitive flesh-eaters could live in one place as well as another where their flocks could graze. But with that manner of life, any territory could be quickly overpopulated. Hence the long age of migrations of people who were not exactly barbarous. They were all out under the press of that everlasting constant, the need of food. The pasture lands meant life. The desert, or the drought, or the summer too short, meant death.

In the movements of the human life on the continent of Asia, in the ancient time, it is not difficult to understand that the "fertile crescent," as Breasted has named it,—a curve of coveted land, reaching

from the Mediterranean Sea, around to the heights of far away India,—should be the centering strip of the bread-hunters, both from the colder regions of the north and from the rainless and desert spaces of the south.

North and East Asia seems to have been the first great pastoral land overcrowded. These people, the Aryans, left their birth-land by the millions, and swarmed both west and south, long before written language could record their history. Two strong tribes of these north migrants, known in history as the Medes and Persians, went south over the mountain ranges into the fertile regions east of the Tigris. They became a peasant people, loving the open spaces, but learning quickly to touch the soil, as a surer way to sustenance, and as a relief from the wandering life. These white people from the north were designated by the name Iranian.

Zoroaster was an Iranian, who gave to these people a new religion.

He looked out on the earth to see its good and its evil, its joy and sorrow. He soon gave himself utterly to their instruction in the laws of human conduct. He personated goodness and wisdom and truth in a divine being called Mazda. He also conceived of a spurious deity, which he named Ahriman, the symbol of falsehood and darkness and vileness and death. But with these ideas of the divine powers, he held clear the ineradicable distinctions between right and wrong. He was as stern a moralist as

Moses. He was a very clear thinker, and his teachings were so true to the human experience that they took deep hold on these middle-Asiatic people. He showed the rewards and punishments of conduct, and declared a future judgment. He pointed his message by filling the air with good and evil spirits. These were the friends and the enemies of man. The believers thought of a good deed as the gift of a good angel. Bad deeds were the tricks of devils, and there were millions of them. It was a naïve theory of good and evil, sponsored from the outside; but he found in it a strong appeal for the highest kind of moral life and for the worship of goodness and light.

Through Iranian migrations and trade and war, Zoroaster's ideas were carried westward, and in the course of a few centuries they were familiar terms of knowledge to the more advanced peoples of the west, such as the Phœnicians, the Hittites, the north Syrians, and the Hebrews. The New Testament demonology is Zoroastrian in its sources. Seven devils in one woman, and devils aplenty to rush the swine down into the sea, was one way of accounting for evil things among the common people. The Master did not undertake to refute an error in popular thought. It would have taken too long to unhinge that one idea. It was wise in Him to know that they could get His message with that in their heads. The life of the Spirit which He had to give would take care of that in due time.

The Hebrew religious stream did not center any

evil in the divine. Evil had its source in the human heart only under the law of freedom. The responsibility was placed where it belongs. That question in casuistry did not disturb the Hebrew mind, and it brought the idea of one God of absolute righteousness, as its contribution clear down to the Christ time. Christ did not have to introduce monotheism, or clarify it. He deepened it, and mellowed it with the passion of His love for the race.

Zoroaster could neither read nor write. His religious teaching spread by oral speech and the human memory for a thousand years. At last, in a fragmentary way, and after the substance of it had touched people who had a phonetic alphabet, it was assembled in a book called Zend-Avesta,—the Bible of the Persians.

The notable fact is—two ethical streams, each independent in origin from the other, but in substantial identity fundamentally, met to mingle in cross-currents among North Syrian peoples. The confluence, as we may name it, was historically gestated, and with no special detriment to the gospel propaganda.

Zoroaster was a notable blessing to the world. Through him, as an endowed teacher, the life of great truths was transmitted by life,—that is, by oral speech and the human memory. It ought to be of convincing evidence to the fearful-minded, who turn away from anything reputed as tradition in the Scriptures, when, from necessity, Biblical events of

many centuries were transmitted in that way. Phonetic speech did not exist. Without question, our Book of religion contains a traditional content. It is of no disadvantage, unless we undertake to make it sacrosanct,—a dictated infallibility. The adverse thing, then, is not in the Book, but in the head of the reader.

Suppose the whole of this Book extinguished, and the substance and spirit of it, through memory, cast on the waters of this surging modern sea. Would it survive, or would we perish because we had not gripped to hold its tremendous messages? If we would break down without the Book, we are not the spiritual equals of those who made it. They and their ancestors lived many centuries without the help of such a composite. We may yet break down with it, because there is a growing tendency to let it alone,—that is, an inclination to cherish our religion in a package laid away for safe-keeping. On the other hand, the Book is likely to wake a lot of people up. After twenty centuries the signs are that its true nature, its broader, greater meanings are to make it the most interesting, the most enrapturing thing in print.

CHAPTER X

THE STORY, IN WRITTEN SPEECH

THE story is a romanticism of speech. In the last two hundred years it has been legitimized in a great literature by universal consent. The character creations of our best novels have come to have the value of biographies. It is known that fiction writing depends for its validity on its interpretation of life. Life imaged in print must be like life actualized.

The brilliant peoples of the ancient world had the knack of it. Written speech, to them, which was without incident, would be like a shoe without a bottom. Abstractions, then, were dryer than they are now, and fewer. Plato was a great thinker, and he reached the deeps of human thought; but he knew his age. His manner of speech was to personate his ideas in some one who was made to talk back to him. Or if not that, he would set up a straw-man, and show folks how to knock him out. His thought-forms and modes of speech were questions of method. The way of it was the way to make the hearer or the reader give attention and understand. Loaded with wisdom, and dumb in speech, is the ghastly human state. The magic of speech is to convey, in an interesting way, what you have to say. The art of it is

not easy. But the ancients, in the bright places, where civilization was first nurtured, were past masters in mental invention. They knew how to imagine a case. They were snappy with their short stories, in which there was no intention to record a fact. They were, here and there, pamphleteers, and special pleaders.

An imagined provincial ruler of Egypt in the time of the first dynasty has reached the age of one hundred and ten years. He wants his son to have his place, and he adroitly asks permission of the King to give his son such advice as he may need, if permitted to have the place. The whole story cannot be included here, but a selected few lines will show the quality and the spirit of the writer.

Wisdom should show humility.

Bend thine arm, and bow thy neck to a wise man.

Great is righteousness.

Hear quietly the speech of a petitioner.

Beware of the occasion for avarice.

Repeat not a word of heresy.

Establish respect for wisdom and quietness of speech.

If thou art a man of the council, be not partial.

Be not proudhearted because of thy wealth.

Do not practice corruption of children.

Let thy face be bright as long as thou livest.

The wise man is satisfied by reason of that which he knows.

The fool regards wisdom as ignorance.

His life is like a death thereby.

He dies, living every day.

How good it is when a son receiveth that which his father says.

He shall reach advanced age thereby.

This last line of the Egyptian wisdom, Moses incorporated in the Fifth Commandment.

Here is another Egyptian story with a moral. A peasant, of fine capacity, is supposed to belong to Fayum, in a village called Salt Field. He loads several donkeys with the produce of his village, and makes his way with them to Heracleopolis, to make an exchange for grain. On the roadway, an official named Thutenakht, a subordinate of the Grand Vizier, sees the peasant coming, and rushes into his house, and gets pieces of linen and spreads them across the roadway from the water of the canal to the edge of his own grain on the other side of the road. The peasant keeps off the linen and guides his donkeys next to the grain. One of them nips a bite as he passes. Thutenakht is enraged. He takes the donkeys and their burden and beats the peasant with a branch of green tamarisk. The two wrangle for several days. The peasant then appeals to Renzim, the Grand Steward of Pharaoh. Renzim turns the matter over to his subordinates, and they bring in a case against the peasant.

He sees his own ruin, and is stirred to make a personal appeal. The officials are startled with his acumen and the forcefulness of his words. They make several shifts to get him to repeat himself.

The cats in a bunch play with the mouse; and seven different times they hear him plead his own case.

"The road was mine. One side was blocked. My ass was seized because he took a mouthful of grain. Shall I then be robbed? O leader free from avarice, great man free from littleness, do justice. Relieve my misery. I bow in sorrow. Head off the robber. Protect the wretched. Eternity draws near. Thou art one of the balances. Speak not falsehood. Thou art taught, but not for robbery. My body is full. My heart is burdened. Do justice for the sake of the Lord of Justice. Justice is for eternity. Speak the truth. Do the truth. The reward thereof shall find thee. It will follow thee into blessedness hereafter. There is no yesterday for the indifferent. There is no friend for him who is dead to justice. There is no grand day for the avaricious. I make my plea, but thou hearest it not. I make my plea, and go to Anubis."¹ That is, his family left to starve, and he goes to take his own life. That was not a dull age, where the dramatic features of a story could be drawn so large and clear.¹

Of the same nature is the Book of Job. It is a drama of high pretense, set in the Semite metric phrase, but it is a pure mental creation, as the parables of the Christ are, and it must be read with imagination. The introduction is mythic thought, and the God idea in it, an austere and benevolent

¹ See *The Development of Religious Thought in Egypt*, by James Henry Breasted.

despot, is South Arabic and Asiatic to the core, but not tolerable for the later Jewish and Christian time. The God of the Universe would hardly turn a good man over in the hands of the Devil for experimental purposes. That setting is allowable in the drama, for it makes up the terms of the debate, but it gets the author in a close place before he is through with it, and he closes out Job's career with an all-round two for one, and leaves the three friends, with Elihu included, no ground at all on which to stand. See the gloomy setting. A rich and prosperous man of great uprightness loses all his property, then his sons and daughters, then his wife, turn against him; then he is afflicted with a loathsome disease, and he goes to the ash-heap to scrape himself with a potsherd. Not a good time for company; but his three friends, uninvited, meet him there,—solemn, turbanned, black-robed sons of wisdom. They sit about the ash-heap for seven days and seven nights. Then the audacious debate begins. At the risk of garbling a great poem, an outline of the centers of the argument is inserted.

ELIPHAZ—If we assay to commune with thee, wilt thou be grieved?

Behold thou hast upholden him that was falling.

Thou hast strengthened the feeble knees.

But now it has come upon thee, and thou faintest;

It toucheth thee, and thou are troubled.

Whoever perished, being innocent?

Where were the righteous cut off?

They that plow iniquity and sow wickedness reap the same.

Despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty.

JOB—To him that is afflicted, pity should be shown by his friends.

He forsaketh the fear of the Almighty.

How forcible are right words!

But what doth your arguing prove?

Do you imagine to reprove the speeches of one that is desperate?

Is there any iniquity in my tongue?

Cannot my taste discern perverse things?

BILDAD—How long will the words of thy mouth be like a strong wind?

If thou wert pure and upright,

Even now He would make way for thee,

Can the rush grow without mire?

Can the flag grow without water?

So are the paths of all that forget God.

Behold God will not cast away a perfect man.

JOB—How shall a man be just with God?

Much less shall I answer Him,

If I justify myself, mine own mouth will condemn me.

He is not a man as I am that I should answer Him.

My soul is weary of my life.

I am full of confusion, therefore see thou mine affliction.

ZOPHAR—Should not the multitude of words be answered?

Should a man full of talk be justified?

Should thy lies make men hold their peace?

When thou mockest shall no man make thee ashamed?

JOB—No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you ;
But I have understanding as well as you ;
I am not inferior to you.
I am as one mocked of his neighbor :
The just, upright man is laughed to scorn.
The tabernacles of robbers prosper.
And they that provoke God are secure.
I would speak to the Almighty, I desire to reason with
God.
Ye are forgers of lies, ye are physicians of no value.
Hold your peace, let me alone, let come on me what
will.

Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him.

ELIPHAZ—Should a wise man utter vain knowledge ?
Should he reason with unprofitable talk ?
Yea, thou castest off fear ; thou restrainest prayer
before God.
Thine own mouth condemneth thee, and not I.
Art thou the first man born ; wert thou made before the
hills ?
What knowest thou that we know not ?
With us are the gray-headed, and the very aged men.
The wicked man travaileth in pain all his days.
He shall not be rich, neither shall his substance con-
tinue.

JOB—Miserable comforters are ye all.
I could speak as ye do, if my soul were in your souls' stead.
I could heap up words against you, and shake mine head at you.
Not for any injustice in mine hands, also is my prayer pure.

My witness is in heaven, my record is on high.

My friends scorn me, but mine eye poureth out tears unto God.

BILDAD—Wherefore are we counted as beasts, and vile in your sight?

Yea, the light of the wicked shall be put out.

And the spark of his fire shall not shine.

For he is cast into the net by his own feet;
The gin shall take him by the heel.

Surely this is the place of him that knoweth not God.

JOB—How long will ye vex my soul and break me in pieces with words?

Behold I cry out of wrong, but I am not heard.

Have pity on me, O ye my friends,
For the hand of God hath touched me.

O, that my words were written;
That they were graven with an iron pen,
And lead in the rock forever.

I know that my Redeemer liveth;
That He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth;
And though after my skin worms destroy this body,
Yet in my flesh shall I see God.

ZOPHAR—I have heard the check of my reproach.

The spirit of my understanding causeth me to answer:
The triumph of the wicked is short;

The joy of the hypocrite is but for a moment:

He shall swallow down riches, and he shall vomit them up again;

The increase of his house shall depart, and his goods shall flee away.

This is the portion of a wicked man from God.

JOB—Suffer me that I may speak;

And after that I have spoken, mock on.

Mark me, and be astonished, and lay your hand upon
your mouth.

Wherefore do the wicked live, become old, yea, are
mighty in power?

Their Seed is established in their sight;

Their houses are safe from fear.

Another dieth in the bitterness of soul,
And never eateth with pleasure.

They shall lie down alike in the dust, and the worms
shall cover them.

The wicked is reserved unto the day of destruction.

How then comfort ye me, seeing in your answers there
remaineth falsehood.

ELIPHAZ—Thou hast taken a pledge of thy brother for
nought;

Thou hast stripped the naked of their clothing.

Thou hast not given water to the weary to drink;

Thou hast withholden bread from the hungry;

Thou hast sent widows away empty;

The arms of the fatherless have been broken.

Therefore snares are round about thee.

If thou return to the Almighty, thou shalt be built up.

Thou shalt lay up gold as dust.

Thou shalt have plenty of silver.

JOB—If I have withheld the poor from their desire;

If I have caused the eyes of the widow to fail;

If I have eaten my morsel myself alone;

If I have seen any perish for want of clothing,

If he were not warmed with the fleece of my sheep;

If I have lifted up my hand against the fatherless;

If I have made gold my hope;

If I have rejoiced because my wealth was great;
If my heart hath been secretly enticed;
If I have rejoiced in the destruction of him that hated
me;
If I have hidden my iniquity within my bosom;
If my land cry against me, or the furrows thereof
complain;
If I have eaten the fruits thereof without money;
If I have caused the owners thereof to lose their life,
Then let thistles grow instead of wheat,
And cockle instead of barley.
The words of Job are ended.

With this kind of writing belongs the Genesis story of Creation.

The first five books of the Bible were written, or codified, at the last, by some one person. In a singular way they have a through-running thread. They have one pulse and one spirit. Whoever did this work had a gifted mind. There is no evidence of any hamper on him from any source. He has made free use of written documents within his reach, but what they were we do not know. He has also made use of a transmitted mass-experience,—a traditional conservation through long ages, which, by the nature of it, may not be entirely accurate in the outer circumstance; but it is of a kind which does not hide the real of history. It is credited to the devout St. John that ideas and not events were the true realities. It is Bergson's con-

tention that the real is a *movement*. It must, then, have the nature of a superforce. This religious-minded redactor of the Pentateuch made use of myths and legends and tradition and *story*. In a place or two, he makes use of pure magic.

On its face, the Pentateuch is not a document of mystery. We know what it is. The mind at work there makes itself clear. The actors in that drama of history do nothing in a corner. Their fears, their superstitions, their errors about life, as we know it, and about Nature, their limitations of knowledge, are all uncovered. The whole document is profitable reading. It is a revelation of life, as it then was.

The one who did it was a loyalist. He holds himself to his family and tribal life clear back to Adam. The fact that there was a teeming human life on all sides of him, does not seem to interest him. If he has any general knowledge of the world, he does not care for it. He holds himself to one thing. He traces the genealogies and the history of his own tribal stock back to the point where his mind reacts against the universe. The other side of any human history, he reaches a summit in the realm of ideas. He makes the one leap upward to say: "In the beginning God." Causation is an absolute. He is true to the universal thought of that time when he personates that Cause. He is not scientist, nor philosopher, nor logician, but the humanist ancestor of all three.

He writes a fascinating story. The method of

it is a stroke of genius. To say that it is not scientific, is to say nothing. Whoever proves that Genesis does not harmonize with geology, is a Don Quixote fighting windmills. He does not know how to read any Oriental document. The validity of the Genesis story as a message does not depend on its scientific accuracy. This Semite is in search of the eternal background of human history. He is not trying to write a cosmology. He knew as much as anybody then about cosmic beginnings, and no more. Not a human being on the planet then able to dispute any feature of his story. *A mind of that quality would know for itself that it did not have the data for the six days work of creation.* He exalts his own idea of God when *much is done in a brief time.* And by so much he images forth a spirit content. God is manifest in the universe. God the Creator. The crown of that work, for the only world he knew anything about, was man himself,—a being able to know good from evil and therefore committed to live under the law of the divine righteousness. That is the simple sum of the story. Abolish the naïve imagery if you will. Inductive science was not yet born. But if you abolish *creation*, and an *implicate of Intelligence*, and a *beneficent administration*, and a *moral sense in man*,—you will go mad.

The Exodus story is a stone of stumbling when it is put under the upper and nether millstones of a verbal accuracy. A recital in heroics must be

read as such. The human mind, at this time in the world's life, may be true to the unquestioned educational values which research has made plain and which universal experience verifies, and, at the same time, it may be sympathetically fair to that which it finds in any book of religion. We may understand a modern editorial by way of the grammar and the dictionary,—not such a story as Exodus. It is useless to raise the question of the agreement of modern knowledge with this ancient detail of fact. There is no reconciliation at that point. These people were ignorant of Nature's laws as we understand them. The human mind then was credulous to absurdity concerning magical things. Would it be expected that its explanations always explain? That mind was shadowed by lack of knowledge; and yet it was always doing the best it could with itself. If it is consistent with itself, it has a right to be heard on its own terms. We may reasonably do a little sifting for this ancient one, who has wrapped up some nuggets of gold in the packages he sends us. Let us be fair and sympathetic to the unknown one who finally edited this account after hundreds of years from the events of it. It has the evidence of patriotic adornment. It has in it also the intensities of an experience. It is not a made-up tale—the certainties of a great struggle are there, and the moral meanings are clear.

In a natural way, and without intent to deceive or injure, tradition has touched things with embellish-

ment. The movement needs only to be interpreted without being waterlogged with incongruous details.

There was a Semite slavery in Egypt. This was not the first one, nor the last one. There was a Semite flight out of Egypt. The probable time was in one of the twilight zones of Egyptian history. No vigor of administration it may be. The African resentment may have been intensified by the fact. If Egypt had ever rallied herself she could have prevented the escape of these slaves. There is no Egyptian record of the Exodus, and they may have speeded the departure of the troublesome numbers. This Sinai region, from time immemorial, was a hinterland of the Egyptians. They extracted copper from the sands there 2000 B. C.

The historian Wells doubts so long a bondage as four hundred and thirty years. Breasted, the Orientalist, speaks of the legend of Joseph in Egypt. That the Israelites should come out of a dwelling place among the most advanced people of the earth at that time and be so free from their traits, is one of the anomalies of history. Belief in a future life, a crass idea of it, has its strongest ancient accent in Egypt. Sixty miles of pyramids along the Nile is a mute evidence of the masterfulness of the idea that the physical body must be made to get across the death valley. They undertook to compel it to get through. Millions of tons of stone were piled about the bodies of the Dynasts. The lesser fry did the best they could in the embalmment of the flesh-sub-

stance, to make it save up for the time of its restitution. Ages went by before the futility of the idea dawned on them. The accumulated stock, at last, of human leather and ashes, filled all the spare spaces and the hillsides, and not a single package yet called for, was too much for any degree of credulity, and the pyramid-building went out of fashion. In the following ages of doubt and depression, these tombs were nearly all rifled of their rich trinkets, by all sorts of vandals. Would the twelve Jacob families know nothing of this and of other splendid achievements of the human energy, and especially since they were the brick-makers for great structures? On the other hand, the Hebrew records have only incidental and dim traces of a definite belief in a future life, for a thousand years after they left Egypt.

Their accent was a rounding-in on this planet. They sought an earthly habitation. They sought a human state where they would be more than makers of bricks without straw. The Semite, under the strictures of slavery, might reasonably be counted a stickler for the faith of Abraham; but so many years in the Nile valley ought to have left more African marks on him. By so much it is said this *hejira* is historically incongruous.

Let the criticism be counted at its full value. It is known to scholars that the Hebrew chronology is not an accuracy. Neither is time-measurement, applied to events, accurate anywhere in the ancient world at that time.

But must that invalidate everything? Scratch every instance of doubtful date record and of magic out of Exodus, and its value is not lessened by a feather's weight. The fact that it must have been a human memory transmittal for hundreds of years accounts for the embellishments of the tribal loyalties and of faith. Suppose it is a piece of heroics, grown into a wonder-tale by repetition, it has in it yet the stirrings of great ideas. It glows with the burning enthusiasms of a spirited people. Every man and woman among them has refused to accept a slow extinction. They have revolted under the burdens of impossible tasks. They have resented an unmitigated cruelty. Such a break for deliverance is supremely worthwhile. The racial hope and aspiration is in it. They seek a tribal destiny under the stars. They were not sleepyheads. Noble ideas flow through the narrative from beginning to end. The struggle to get from under the lash of a slave whip means that the slave has waked up. They paid the price of freedom in a death valley where two-thirds of their number perished in forty years. They went through that valley with a deathless purpose to find a better day in a better land. Why not get down on the side of these underdogs and shout with them? They may have fondled the story until they have overburnished it. What of it? The worth of the whole movement is in the outcome. The richest heritage of truth which civilization ever received

from the Orient was born in the souls of these strugglers.

It is waste of time to try to purify the outer incidents of the movement. That cannot be done, where tradition has entered into it. It need not be done. The eternal verities did not lose out. This blazing story was the Hebrew slogan. They believed it actual, to be sure. But they spiritually interpreted it. They never tired of its repetition. It stirred them to devotion and loyalty as no other appeal ever did. They nursed in it the holy frenzy of a nation's birth. It is an account of the most distinct community consciousness the ancient world ever knew. Centuries on in their history, after they had been tramped into the earth again and again by stronger people, after the Commonwealth had perished utterly, the Exodus appeal yet stirred them to the nurture of a spiritual life from within outward, to the actual conservation of the real in a hapless history. That was the beginning of Judaism, as we know it. See the ninth chapter of Nehemiah.

CHAPTER XI

SINAI A CULMINANT

THE Russian Soviet Government, not long ago, repudiated the Ten Commandments, because they were superstitions originated at Sinai. People of that time have no right to lay down any measuring line of conduct for people now alive. The proclamation implies that a dull world has missed the way of the upright life. It has followed the gleam of these falsehoods which claim to be handed down by Moses out of the sky.

Let us see. There was a proclamation there, which was initiative of a historic movement of great significance. But did the elements of that brief code originate there? Have the informed ever made such a claim? The Egyptians, the advanced ones of the ancient time, did not lack in moral sensibility. A prince of one of the earliest dynasties said, "A bad man's life is what the wise know to be death."

A mummy-wrapping, very old, had in it this self-estimate: "I am not a talebearer. I am not a wrongdoer. I am not a murderer. I rob not the dead. I do not press the bar of the balance. I am not a man of violence. I am not evil-minded. I am not a teller

of lies. I am not unchaste. I am not given to cursing. I cultivate uprightness of heart." Amenhotep IV, who lived centuries before the time of Moses, was a high-minded monotheist. Credited to him is a hymn of creation. There are phrasings in it like this:

O Aton, beginning of life.
Thou fillest every land with thy bounty.
Thou bindest them with thy love.
Creator of the germ in woman,
Giving breath to all animate things.
How manifold are thy works!
Thou didst create the earth.
Thou makest the seasons.
Thou makest millions of forms.
The world is in thy hand.
Thou art in my heart.

A thousand years before Moses, the Babylonians prayed in this way:

O God, great Creator. O Thou Benevolent Mind. I will worship You. Teach me of Thyself, that I may declare it of Thee. O Bounteous Piety, show forth the religious truths. Who is the righteous One? Who is the evil? I earnestly announce righteousness of mind and life.

O God, great are my transgressions. To Thee, God, the merciful One, I turn. I utter my prayer. The sin that I have sinned, turn Thou into blessings. O

God, Who art angry, accept my prayer. Declare Thy forgiveness and let my spirit be appeased.

The Chinese of the dateless past have many sayings like this:

Let truth be permanent with you. The foundation of all good is the virtue of the individual man. Hold faithfulness and sincerity as first principles. Have no depraved thoughts. Let thy will be set on the path of duty. The man of distinction is straightforward, and loves righteousness. Benevolence is love to all men."

Confucius was a mendicant moralist. He did not get his wisdom from the west. So great was he that his grave is now the nations' shrine. He proved himself unselfish, and the millions listened. The following eight sentences make a key to his life message:

The superior man thinks of virtue. The superior man is conversant with righteousness. Virtue is not left to stand alone.

Those who know the truth are not equal to those who love it. I have not seen anyone who loves virtue as he loves beauty. To subdue thyself is perfect virtue. What ye would not that others should do unto you, do not unto them.

Buddha, at the first, incarnated the moral instincts of the Indian people in his own life. He forsook royalty and a beautiful wife to measure out in him-

self life's pain. His renunciations were so complete that the common people heard him gladly. He then put into language the moral convictions of the toiling suffering millions.

A few catchwords from a vast literature must answer here:

Birth means sorrow. The cause of sorrow is desire. Right action goes with right belief. Follow the wise. Exercise self-control. Cultivate pleasant speech. Support father and mother. Cherish wife and child. Bestow alms. Live righteously. Help kindred. Cease from sin. Practice abstinence. Be not weary in well-doing. Cultivate contentment of mind. Show gratitude. Overcome evil with good. Happiness depends on conduct. Search for the truth. Be earnest in contemplation, with equanimity of mind.

The Greeks loved beauty better than virtue. Socrates, the master-teacher among them, loved virtue best. He thought of the good as the universalized quest. He aimed at the true life in conduct. True knowledge is the source of cohesion in questions of casuistry. The turn of Greek philosophy towards questions of conduct was due to him. Plato said he was a gad-fly to the Athenians. So it proved. They resented that which rebuked them. When he was condemned to drink the hemlock, he said: "If I may be allowed to use the expression, I cared not a straw for death, and that my only fear was of doing an unrighteous or an unholy thing."

It is not against the Ten Commandments that their elements were found among other peoples, and through the long ages before they were formulated.

The fact itself proves them to be bedded in the soil of the human life. That the two tables of stone have this kind of background in history shows them to have been already tested out in the experiences of many people, and through great lengths of time.

The tables actually were a part of the wisdom of the Egyptians, with which Moses was endowed. What he knew of life's greatest truths he transcribed in stone. The moral asseverations in that brief were adequate for that mass of escaped ones. The necessity was immediate. They were come-outers with the black marks of slavery on them. They were free, but they had been hurled out into an impossible land for so many. They must be possessed with the essential social cohesion. That little list of don'ts supplied their first primary need. It transcended the static mentality of Egypt in that it was free from the super-government of the priests of Ammon with their crass superstitions to cloud an otherwise wholesome moral instinct. It did more. It lifted and clarified and federalized the moral concepts of the ancient age in a great way, and spiritualized them with the monotheistic Jehovah of the Hebrew people. It proved to be comprehensive of all that the Hebrew ever knew of life's obligation to God and of his duty to his fellow men.

Then followed, in a Nature's amphitheater at the foot of Sinai, with all the people assembled each day, an oral teaching of a code of primitive legal precepts, worked out under the tables. They had forty days

of schooling. In that resonant air, human voices were doubtless the loud-speakers to send the words from the top of the mountain to the outer edges of the assembly. It was the greatest in numbers, and the most effective religious convocation in human annals. All the people, the last and least on the outer edges of this tremendous dramatic bestowal of the laws of a communal life, were made familiar with the principles of what we know as the Code Leviticus.

The law concerning man-servants, women-servants, men-stealers, cursers of parents, smiters, theft, damages, trusts, trespass, borrowings, fornication, witchcraft, bestiality, idolatry, strangers, widows, unlawful marriages, blasphemy, the neighborly good deed, justice, charity, the holy life, priests, the three cities of refuge,—all these social elements had attention.

Like the laws of Solon and Lycurgus, they were made to fit. They had a simple and natural system of administration. Discreet and godly men, in numbers of three were distributed through the Commonwealth to decide questions of right and wrong among the people. It was a crude brief. It was a law builded up out of the subjects of it. It was a government by law. Moses was only the servant of God, and he was never deified. There was an immediate sense of the divine in things. Moses lived face to face with God. “The Lord said unto Moses,” is a

phrase repeated more than fourteen hundred times in the Pentateuch.

We fairly interpret that, in each case, as the godly judgment of a man who gave himself completely to an unselfish service. For that reason his words were masterful, and they have lived to be so until this day. Moses taught these people that God was their ruler. The phrase with them was a realism. They could not have understood it in any other way. Any apprehension of God to them must be through some sensuous symbol. Hence their splendid ceremonials. They could not handle abstractions. We can, and go to sleep on them—alas, alas!

They thought of themselves as the favored ones of Javeh, in the down-letting of some arbitrary absolutes, which were without furtherance. They thought of the Sinai as the first source of their law. At least, they did not give Egypt credit for anything or anybody else, for general knowledge was not then diffused. They were consistent with themselves. So was Herodotus when he declared that events were directed by the will of the gods. Thucydides, a generation later, with a deeper insight, traced events to their historic causes. The Hebrews were a foremost people in their moral understandings and in their conception of the divine.

Under tribal limitations they had a struggle through the centuries. They had to meet the challenges of surrounding peoples. Their vision was often clouded. They thought of Javeh at times as a

battler with other gods. They deserve much credit for holding as well as they did to the radicals of their faith. They did not dissemble. They did not cover up things. They underwrote their own experiences, black and white. No other ancient people ever made such outright moral confession. They tested the vitalest things of life in their own bodies. They went to their national death setting up sign-boards of warning. They were swept out of national existence from causes for which they were not responsible. Their place in the sun was against them. They felt the heel of greater armies coming and going. The ambitions of Egypt and Babylon and the Macedon states lay across their territory rather than in it. They occupied an impossible land for peace and normal development. When at last, they were permitted only to cultivate the distinctive features of their faith, they turned to it with almost fanatical zeal. Judaism began with Ezra, and deserves due credit for nursing the inward Hebrew spirit down to the Christ time.

But are these ancient voices an ultimate authority? Are we to obey certain laws of conduct because they did? Does a man possess his soul in peace because his fathers did? Are these history values an ultimate authority? Not because of their proclamation simply. That is only a social expediency. This Hebrew transcript to the modern age comes to us through the crucible of an age-long experience.

The world's accumulated experiences are not to be despised.

The ancient man's obedience to certain rules of conduct, his being held to certain principles of action, comes out of the fact that he has tried them and found them useful. That is the reason of utility, and adequate within its limits. It is not an incontrovertible authority. Back of all proclamations, back of all experience, the moral instincts have their bedding in the nature of being. They are cosmic inheritances procreatively transmitted, not in full action except through experience, but in determinate potency. The spring of conduct is an inner discernment, an intuition which relates itself to the reflective intellect. Moral judgment is a good name because it is conditioned on a certain degree of knowledge sensuously derived. The life human, above the animals, belongs to a new category of first principles. The human happiness is not in the direction of tooth and claw. We still fight, if we get in each other's way, because we have missed the human coördinations. We have a recognized law of individuals by which we ordain peace among them. But only within the last few years have the most advanced peoples gone seriously in search of the conditions of an open justice to ordain and guarantee peace among the nations. The ink is hardly dry on the first very hopeful parchment in that direction.

Your small boy climbs to your knee and pinches your nose with one hand, and with the other he

covers your mouth. If he could close up both these air passages, he would have a hilarious time seeing you die. That chap of yours has ginger enough, but he is not yet ripe. Give him time, and he will come into his own. The inward light will glint in him directly, and he will wake up to the meanings of experience. He will go out in the way all normal boys are expected to go. He is headed in the one main direction. There is a primary urge in him which will liquidate itself in a certain kind of arrival, in the direction of the ought and the ought not. No difference about the theories we may have. The experts may take that boy in charge if they wish. They may work away on his behavioristic complexes till the cows come home at night. In the woof and warp of him, the shuttles are sure to throw the human pattern. In the first few weeks of your boy's prenatal life the development resembled that of a pig. Science says exactly alike, because it cannot then discover a headlong realism. Your boy is at no time one of several things. Your boy is not now the slave of outside stimuli. He is not a protoplasmic accident. An ethic sleeps. He awakes directly to awareness of the quality in actions, and he turns into a little gentleman. He would not pinch your nose to your hurt for all the world.

It is clear that the moral consciousness is vital to any degree of the human togetherness. Adam and Eve, so the story goes, had to consider between themselves the question of good and evil. They

were the federal representatives of the race when they were introduced to the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. The moral issue was up between the two. The race never makes any headway when that issue is shunted awide. We may tear our flesh and fume like mad, but in the final settlements we will get on the scale of the moral adjudications, and be weighed. That issue underlies the human advance. It is inclusive of all associative things whatsoever. By the moral law, we do not mean a set of arbitrary rules. We mean the surge of the moral instinct into action to fit the human circumstance. It is a radical in the evolution of the human life.

The universe has not brought forth that which is alien to its own nature. To be sure, moral values are not in open expression in the chemistries and in physics, and in the cycles of the planets; but a being with the moral sensibility has come up through them. A somewhat there has headed in the human direction. In the atoms and the electrodes human nature seems to be implicit. They have recently proven themselves nearer akin than we thought. These midgets now seem to delight themselves in a certain kind of human companionship. The electron puts a message in its vest-pocket, and flies a thousand miles, swifter than Shakespear's Sprite, and delivers it exactly as received. Dr. Cadman says the magnetism of the speaker gets over with the radio message. That mystic quality must then cross the intervening

space. Outside the ends of our fingers there is no dull dominion.

The universe is not a frozen indifference. It is our friend. Its severities are kindnesses in the long run. When a mother arrives, the universe must have been doing its best, from the firemist on down.

Furthermore, the human investment comes with the intent of *itself*. I mean a determination from within, the logic of which is the control of circumstance to the end of character. *Behaviorism* is not a full-blood, human word. *Conduct* is that word, because it is inclusive and interpretative of the highest elements of human nature. The moral faculties are not the slaves of life's simple reflexes. A self-centered will closes its gates against them. The self-hood is superior to the outside stimuli. It can play Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. It takes a hand in the mastery of circumstance and in the manipulation of law. Ella Wheeler Wilcox says it in a fine way:

One ship drives east, and another west,
With the self-same sails that blow.
'Tis the set of the sails,
And not the gales,
Which decides the way to go.
Like the winds of the sea
Are the ways of fate
As we voyage along through life.
'Tis the will of the soul
That decides the goal,
And not the calm or the strife.

The superior life begins with the first glint of the moral awakening. It is also the beginning of life's democracy. It knows not rank or station. All the grades of the human life are endowed to make their contribution to law and order. We may escape the constable, but we do not escape our deeds, because the super-human mediations are in it. The highest life we know is the life which includes all right actions and all right impulses. Any movement of the human spirit towards right conduct, therefore, is a movement towards the highest. Any movement towards the highest has the favor of the divine. One step is a start. It has a right to its credits. J. G. Holland used to say that a tramp does not need high ideals first—he needs self-respect. But self-respect itself is among the highest of all ideals. The highest life is not a reward,—it is a climb. Any man with any good in him at all has that much of the fine quality. It may not be much, but if at any time it must suffer the confiscation of its credits—if a man is told that in the sky nothing counts till he can fly like the eagle, he is undone. Conscience anywhere in action is the intuitioned appeal to God. Nothing comes between a man's soul and his Creator. There is in every one some feature of the divine. If the moral life can be lived without the devotional content, how does it come about that the most devout religionist is obliged to a life of uprightness, if his profession is anything more than a sham?

The moral hazard is the static complacency. If

it moves not out, it loses out. The abundant life is a movement. Rightness is always active. When a man stands up to say, "I can do no other, so help me God," he performs an act of high devotion. His conscience has called him into the felt presence of God. He has gone straight without the help of confessionalists.

CHAPTER XII

THE RESURRECTION IDEA

THE hope of an endless life for the dwellers on this planet had its greatest accent, so far as events are concerned, during the few days following the crucifixion of Christ. Considered as a fact, in the world of ideas, the naked impact of its influence on human institutions and on the growing life of the world has been of tremendous significance; because it has put a new value on the soul of man, and that at a time when the individual, in the mass, was of small value. Life was then cheap, except with the few in smug places of power; and it was growing cheaper, as the Roman Empire extended its territory, by the ruthless conquest and sack of new provinces. If there ever was a time when the human soul was disinherited by the outer circumstance, through contempt for its rights, it was the age of Augustus the Great. To ninety-nine human beings out of every hundred, life itself was a disaster. The glory of Rome, on a larger scale, was as the glory of Solomon of an earlier day. The same old repetitions of tyrannous rule, and the crushing out of the common man's right. Jesus Christ brought daylight to the soul of

man from two directions: the Passion of the Cross, and His breakaway from the earth; but they made one appeal. Paul called it Jesus and the Resurrection. He meant to say that there is justice in the universe. It was a call to the man down and out; it was a voice which put a priceless value on the inherent qualities of the soul. So priceless as to live forever, it is worth a struggle for the world-chance. If what Christ says about destiny be true, there is no state of human despair. The millions who have long been below the fighting-point may lift up their heads and become instantly unconquerable.

Those nearest the Christ after His death, were a handful of the earth's poor. They were akin to Him. They lingered in distress under the shadows of the Cross after the executioners had gone away. They loved the Dead One in the deepest way, and they did not know what it meant. They had nursed earthly hopes of the fondest kind, and now—He hangs there dead! Death has challenged Him, and He has gone down into it, and the old dumb silence settles upon them. Not much good cheer ever came to the Jew from that echoless realm. These obscure ones could not translate that event into any term of the human life. They felt the cruelty against His innocence. They heard Him pray for His executioners while they killed Him. They knew what a lover He was; but they did not know that degree. Their hearts were broken to pieces with the passion of it; but they had no vision. These were to be the first witnesses.

What would you say about the kind they were? They would have intensities of speech. Their stories of affection would be embellished with their sorrow. If we read not sympathetically, we miss the meanings. They had no conception of any message as the civilized world now knows it. They were broken-hearted lovers of the most admirable One they ever knew,—that was all. Were these nobodies, who had not a friend at any court, bent on a scheme to blacken the world with a falsehood?

Let us look at the events in a humanist way. They have their perplexities in the light of modern knowledge. But are they impossible of composition? There was no collusion or concert of understanding among these first witnesses. They were more startled than anybody. Of course their sorrow was soon turned into joy. They began to say, "He is risen!" Instantly with them death had no sting; the grave had no victory.

The early disciples believed in the resurrection of the physical body of the Master. That was vigorously disputed at the time by the Roman authorities and by the masses of the Jews. Those who loved Him had their way about what took place. They made a pagan world believe the same things. Millions of the devout to this day believe them the same way. No doubt about the sincerity of that widespread conviction. To undertake to displace that view at this time is not of much worth. Let it have its place in any mind which holds it. It does not

involve an error vital to the Gospel message. It involves an inconsistency which has not appeared in Christian history until in recent centuries. That inconsistency needs attention for the sake of the propaganda. It were better for this time to accept the glorified appearances of Christ after the Crucifixion. When Paul took time to codify these appearances, he thought them akin to his own, which was certainly only a glorified one; but he made that count through his whole ministry. The physical Resurrection of Christ's body with its lacerations is gruesome and without adequate meaning. Under the circumstances the women and others near could not conceive of any other than a physical fact. We are justified in interpreting the Resurrection in consonance with the psychology of the ancient time. That mind, however, did not stop with the direct testimony. They grasped with that, the resurrection idea, and they spiritualized and universalized it. They never understood it as a type of the Christian's resurrection. It was only their assurance of the Christ proclamation; but they made of it a mighty slogan. Paul cleared primitive thought when he said, "That which thou sowest is not the body that shall be."

But now there is no escape from the unusual in these after-death events. The Christ life and character are unlike any other that ever appeared in the flesh. In any possible interpretation, that fact will not rub out. He had access to an underland of power

which made His words of matchless interest and delight to His hearers. Out of the deeps He brought things which childhood could understand. Out of the same deeps He clothed His message in parables to show that the kingdom at hand was not out of harmony with man's needs and with the universe itself. Out of the same deeps He had power over disease and death. Out of the same deeps He revealed Himself glorified. A crisis-hour in the world justified the evidence. Doubt about its reasonableness is largely because it is so tremendous in the weight of itself. We are certainly past the age when we question the reasonableness of a Divine intervention. The human mind itself projects exactly that kind of intervention to advance its interests, and it does not think of it as a wrench thrown into the machinery. I mean to say this: there is no scientific accounting for the unusual in the Christ ministry, measured by the witnesses. But the people of the schools are expected to stand by their naturalisms. The question of composition comes to be of importance. There is a tendency to discount the old-time explanations, and that without casting doubt on the sincerity of the old-time believers. They have been so long dead in the flesh, and their lives have been so rich in fruitful loyalty to the truth, that they do not have to apologize to the pedantries of science, since what they shouted on the hilltops has become the spring and motif of scientific endeavor.

More than thirty millions of our young people are now in the public schools and universities. Men and women of fine character make up many thousands of their teachers, and among them many professed Christians. They say that Christ is risen, for He is the one supreme personal power on the face of the earth. He is not here in the flesh, and they do not believe He is anywhere in the flesh. They know that this flesh formula could not exist five minutes on any of the planets known to the astronomer. They know that organized life is a flimsy fact, and that the stream of it in the universe is so narrow that it is a negligible thing. They do not believe that the Savior rose in this kind of a tentative provisional thing. They believe Him manifest in all modern good tendencies. They accept the reality of the urge of spiritual truths which entered the lists for mastery when Christ bowed His head on Calvary, and have made all too slow headway until this day. They simply cannot deny the integrity of their own historic judgments when they come to interpret the long past. They are disturbed by the intolerance which refuses to recognize their sincerity.

Should differences of viewpoint with diverse conclusions over that which is not of fundamental significance be made an occasion for a broken fellowship? The conserved Christ messages have never hinged on their interpretation through outer events of absolute accuracy. There are no such interpreta-

tions. The outer circumstance of any kind is not in the same stay in any two moments, in this world of change. Your photograph of yesterday is not like you today. The sensuous realisms of the Christ appearances are gone forever. The vital messages are here to live forever. Why cumber the spirit values of the Christ-presence in the world with that which, at this time in the world's life, cannot be settled unanimously, and if it could, would not be of large significance?

This writer proclaims himself yoke-fellow with all sympathetic scholarly research concerning the broader understandings of the greatest Book in the world, and he would like to make to that class the following suggestions:

There is nothing to be gained at this time by depreciating the outer aspects of events as the disciples saw them, unless the vital truth there embodied has been hidden. The old-time mental outlook on Nature cannot now be accepted. We see an ordered world of power through facets of light which are gifts of the advances of human knowledge. The human mind at Christ's time referred all unaccountable events to the will and wisdom of the Divine. That was both natural and characteristic. The time for abstractions had not appeared, except in the case of a few rare brilliants who were the ancient prophets of the pure reason. The mental state was that of grown men and women; but it was nevertheless a state of historical child-

mindedness. The serious pursuit of knowledge, for its own sake, had not broken through its first sensuous incrustations. The human mind was open-eyed enough. There was instant and unstudied explanation of all events. When that mind referred them all to God, there is a sense in which it was right; but that generalization was not the friend of discreet knowledge. It answered the ancient man's purposes, but it was not a truth gatherer. He did not refer his mysteries to a time when his knowledge would be greater, as the student of special research does now. Why not go back to that man's accountings and figure in the man himself, and call him brother, for he had some nuggets of gold to hand down? Why not make note of his natural limitations and sift a little? You see that I am trying to drive a soft painless nail through you and the Bible, and clinch you two together.

The writer, in his boyhood, had placed in his hands a text book in mythology, which, on its face, was to him a piece of nonsense. It was a dictionary of gnomes and nymphs and gods and goddesses, with nothing more to say. He passed on the text, and by so much he had made a lumbering gallery of his mind. He had grown to physical bigness in the woods,—he was acquainted with its rugged wildness and its sylvan beauties, and he was sure he had the hang of what was there, and not there, and he was certain that the myth-makers were crazy. If his teachers had helped him to take a look at

the myth-maker's brain,—a molluscus mass rolling towards the light, and boggling with natural law,—he would have known what to do with his findings.

The way the ancient man saw things is the way he worshipped. No apology need be made for him, and his sincerity cannot be doubted. He approached the things of godliness in his own human state. He was an apostle of a real, not always apprehended by the modern mind, spiritually dulled by the rattle and bang of ponderable things. He was consistent with himself. He was an outdoors man,—God's messenger in the raw,—and for that very reason he was able to see a great reality in the face of Jesus Christ.

The sensuous aspect is the crass material of discrete knowledge. Material substance is the shifting matrix of the truth. A fleeting phantasm has in it the spiritual manifest. Mind acts through its sensuous images. At first hand we are interested in the images,—we are not fundamentally so. We are after what gets through these images and stays. The outer embodiments of thought of any kind are sure to go. The pyramids will wear down, or get beneath the sand in time. The only use we have for the pyramid is the idea in it. It was a good religious notion one time. It is now one of the mental modes of the Egyptians, long dead. It is a language by which they speak to the ages. We think we have better ways of saying the same things, and cheaper. We have the broader apprehensions. We

have the deeper insight. If we had not, great would be the pity. We would be unworthy sons of struggling ancestors. But how we do muddle the things of the hoary past when we read without discrimination,—and through the ancient spectacles, trying to believe just what we see. Where they were thrown under through a deceit of the sense, we then live in our own glass house and theirs too.

Two thousand years hence, if the human mind is as dull as it is now, the folks then living will throw stones at our glass houses. Then we will turn over in our graves and say, "You may not like some of our explanations, as we do not like those of our ancestors; but you will accept the degree of knowledge which we have,—our analysis of creation, our inventions and discoveries, and a lot of our tried-out spiritual values, or you will break up housekeeping and go out of business. Furthermore, you ought to be respectful to those who have sent down to you that for which you toiled not, neither did you spin."

An interesting place to live is along the frontiers of knowledge. The wide-awake ones of all the ages have lived there. They are the rulers of the world. They see the sunlight on the mountains before it is quite clear day. They are the prophets and the seers who knock at the gates of mystery and get answers, only to knock again next day. The world grows because its thinkers are restless. Those who followed the gleam of the ancient miracles knocked at that gate. When they said it was God's doing,

they were not mistaken. It was a working formula,—one of the mind's necessities when it makes advances. How God did it they did not know. They were then men of mystery, logical to the limit of all they knew, and the mystery provoked devotion then more than it does now. The best all-around definition of a miracle is mystery. It is God's invitation to man to push against his own limitations. Unless the unknown enraptures, we are dead. We always pray to a mystery, and to a transcendence. If we knew and understood all, no need to pray.

The day for the ancient miracle is gone, but we have our own. We interpret nature's processes, and find our miracles. We do not know how to make a manifest fact quadrate with our law formulas, and it is our miracle. Law itself is a manipulate of intelligence, and it is our miracle.

The laws of the elementary substances are so sure-acting that civilization builds on their certainties. How they hold things so, is our miracle. The most tenuous threads of matter with which we are acquainted are vibrant with a transmitted energy which defeats chaos and thrills with intelligence to the limits of the least particles: is our miracle. Only yesterday we learned that the spaces just above our heads have been speaking galleries since Adam's time: it is our miracle. We are in a worse muddle than the ancients ever were, and over more things. We talk learnedly about gravitation, and time, and space, and static, and electricity, and we are up

against a mystery all the time. The wonder is, it does not crowd us to our knees as it did the ancient man. He said, "God does it." And down he got. Professor Thompson says that the electrode is a disembodied particle of electricity. If it is disembodied, it is superior to the laws of substance. The wonder of it is as great as any glorified vision of the Christ.

This age of deep inquiry has nothing in it from the world of research which contradicts the culminant proclamation of Christ's earthly career. The soul shall survive the death of the body. That is His appraisal of what He came to redeem and save. Not the world, but *souls*. Such a declaration has no controversy with the universe. Resurgence is the law of living things. The instances are myriad, and as familiar as the ends of our fingers.

Every sprouted seed-germ, every incubated egg, every case of the procreative mothering, every break away from form to form,—in fact, the whole surge of life,—is through a death-valley into some new cloture of itself in substance again. Life plays with matter to serve its uses. Biologically, death is only a break with certain correspondences. The idea of extinction is not in it. Paul paid his respects to the law of it when he said, "It is not quickened except it die."

CHAPTER XIII

CREATIVE VALUES IN THE MINISTRY OF CHRIST

THE life projections of Jesus Christ are supreme over any character that ever took part in the affairs of men. He is the greatest of all teachers—and the friend of man. The after-death fame of Him, which has become a dominion, is a very great contrast to the obscurity of His birth.

But there is much beauty in the record which we have of that hushed and silent time. We do not think of it as a narrative fixed and rigid. The fine fluid of tradition has doubtless touched it with romanticisms of speech. What was to hinder these lovers of their Lord from idealizing the object of their affection? We would not expect them to go about giving stolid and unfeeling testimony. Their hearts were set aflame with the stories of the Nativity. The beautiful abandon of description is a revealer of the real. The pictures we have of the Bethlehem days, in art and language, are all relevant; the Madonna immortalized on canvas, the circle of light about the Babe's head, another about the head of Mary, the angel-shout to the night shepherds, the wise men following His star—*His star!*

If you incline to think that the sky that night over Bethlehem was as clear as it was last night where you slept, you might be dead right, and you would be right dead also, because you miss the meanings. One has to shout with the angels, and journey with the wise men if one gets in with them right well. Give any doubting Thomas all the room he wants. Suppose they are mental creations, such as build themselves about all great characters. Suppose they are finished pictures,—made so by the telling for fifty years, before they were set into script. Does anything worth while get away? They tell a piece of great news to a sorrowful world. What a delight to be buffeted by their splendors. There is nothing finer in any language. Suppose they were mental images of those who were beside themselves with joy; they do not overstate the significance of the Nativity. A somewhat superhuman imposed itself that Holy Night. Simple motherhood anywhere is glory enough for an angel-shout; but this is motherhood of another degree. No other footfall of an infant traveller ever moved the world so. Leibnitz would say, "Some monad there sprang instantly to mightiness." That was not as good a place for a philosophy, as Tarsus, or Athens, but it was a good place for a life-germ.

Much water has gone under the bridge since Christ's human day, and it is not easy now to get from the currents of it, back to the Judean hills where the springs first broke out to make the stream.

Christ's message has failed under the misdirections of the human impulse. The true test of its value was in the day when it fell fresh from the lips of the Master and when the unsophisticate of the world both heard and understood. It was tried out in the time when outwardly there was no show in the wild seas for such a little bark. It had no friend at any court. It had nobody of significance to listen. Only the human heart had a need. Was Christ mistaken in the response He made to it, or in the way He went about His business as a teacher?

The common life of man was not then worth living. Wealth was a liability except when it had influence with those in smug places. Penury was only one step away. Prisoners for debt went in gangs into slavery. The venality of a privileged class made poverty as great a smiting to those who were below the fighting point for life's first rights, as the spoliation of the Roman armies administered to the conquered provinces. Macauley says, "The world never knew anything so monstrous as the law of debt in Rome." Christ went down to these nobodies, who were hungry while He preached. He lived as they did. He died in utmost poverty. He was buried in a borrowed grave. By the human measurements, that was ignominy; but it was *identification with life*,—the first essential for any teacher of the humanities.

Confucius was master of it, when he only asked a

plate of rice and a comfortable place for his body to rest.

Buddha was master of it, when he became a mendicant beggar, and was able to make the disinterested appeal.

Moses was master of it, when he gave himself to suffer affliction; and the sufferers found a leader who was a friend.

Livingstone was master of it, and being dead, he yet speaks,—the greatest one personal force in Africa. Fitting that his dust should rest in Westminster.

In the opening of his public ministry, Christ declared what He had in mind:

Healing for the broken hearted.

Deliverance of captives.

Liberty for the bruised.

The gospel to the poor.

He preached to *souls*. Three hundred times in Matthew He makes the personal appeal. His reach is for the human heart to heal its sorrow. The Beatitudes are personal. The Lord's Prayer is personal. The Parables are personal. When His minutes were centuries, He takes time with the dissolute woman,—with the woman at the well,—with the one who touched the hem of His garment; with the two Marys, with His own mother. He turned from the multitude and called Zacchæus down from a tree. He makes Nicodemus side-step a metaphysic, to tell him that he must be born again.

His words have to do with some term of the human life. Tenderness and compassion is shown to those who never heard before any message of kindly interest to *themselves*. It was a voice of life to a dead age. Something was being done for its outcasts.

A child in the midst is a type of the kingdom. Converts were easy. They understood. Primary necessities are never deep to see. They heard His voice and looked into His eyes and found a friend. No such love had ever been known. It was so great that it did not confuse itself with things not essential. With love like that, what else matters? They were all so near dead in a world which had no heart in it that they had no feeling about it. Here was the Good Samaritan sent from God.

One at a time the healing palm of a divine hand was laid on each sorrowful heart. The passion of it broke their hearts and they knew themselves, that God was in Him to save their souls. There never was so startling a movement in so small a corner of the world. It was profoundly revolutionary in the highest sense of being a peaceful persuasion. A new vision—a new world—a new dominion—a new definition of power.

They had an *experience*. The experience meant self-mastery. It meant a new kind of kingdom set up in the midst of the familiar outward one of drafts and repressions and remorseless tyrannies and enforced obediences.

As a shift of center, no mistake about a fact. The

new knowledge was actual in the terms of the spiritual understanding. A tremendously real new life-force stirred their emotions into exalted states of mind. The mysticism of the religious joy appears. Why not? The evidence is in itself, like a mother's love to her child. Ask her to prove to you that she loves her child, and she is much of a lady if she does not tell you to go about your business.

The soul made rich in the fellowship of its solitudes with the Divine *knows that God is real*. No more searching to find God. Go into your closet, and shut the door, and pray to God in secret. Stay there—stay there—until you can say, “O God, thou art Reality to me.”

That much of the truth of religion is the truth of mysticism. But the ineffable experience and its holy inward assurance cannot be made a substitute for the experience of circumstances, which are often anything else than a joy.

Self-meditation,—retreat from the world into cowls and cloisters, and selected brotherhoods,—any attempt to escape from the world to an ascetic life, any fencings to keep away contaminations, is to seek a life of special privilege to which the Christian has no right. It does not propose a fair deal with those who have to face a life which is both militant and overcoming. The strenuous way is not the easiest; but it is the best. “The mental and moral powers are rounded out by a many-sided experience. The attrition which calls for caution, and wisdom,

and courage, and adaptableness, and versatility, and patience, is the Scriptural endurance of hardship like a good soldier. The elements of the personality get driven together to make a self-centered unit strong enough to stand the strain of things. It is doubtful if we can call that character which has not met its challenges and overcome them.” Strength comes of the tussle with men and things, unless the self-rule breaks under it. But will not God help and save? Not the life which throws down. The self-dominion has then been surrendered. There is no substitute. The successful life is self-mastery. The creative values are personal. The kingdom of God is within.

The Master never lost sight of that fundamental fact. That was not all but first. The social responses are in it and not elsewhere. Structurally it builds institutions and decrees the human justice.

The beginning of human betterments lies with the individual. Where the units rule themselves, the social cohesion is not difficult. A fit social order cannot be made out of unfit units. The individual is the stuff out of which citizenship is made. Character is determinative of institutions. Institutions depend for their life on the stamina of those who build them. Where there is no worth or integrity of character, good institutions break down. They fail as soon as manhood perishes. Society is safe wherever the souls of men and women are made regal with right impulses. The early converts were in-

clined to get together in communities. They were self-ruling under the Roman law, and they had great unity among themselves, and prospered amazingly. The social transformation is personal force. The gospel is not theory but life. Social reconstructions are expediencies. Regeneration is the clearing-house of the real.

CHAPTER XIV

THE LANGUAGE OF ONE SPIRIT

It is reputed as an opinion of Mr. Edison that the next human advance will be a development of the spiritual. If he is correctly reported, it is better than good news from a fisherman's camp. One who has been engaged for so many years in the severities of laboratory research would not turn prophet without some reason, which he has not disclosed, but which would be interesting to the civilized world. The persistence with which he has pursued the physical forces to make them give up their secrets for his inventions, may be the occasion of his appreciation of the fact, all along, that he has felt manifested a realism which does not yield its inmost nature to the sense tests, but which is nevertheless in evidence.

Students of physics and chemistry probably go deeper into the nature of existence than those of the life-sciences. Life, as we know it on this planet, is almost a negligible feature in the universe as a whole. Physical study is more inclusive of the ultimate real. The range of its investigations is with the ponderable, to the limits of space. There is a hint in it that the imponderable is a next step in the

pursuit of knowledge. If the experimenter is held now to the integrities of the sensuous tests, why may not that which is only manifest come to have accountings under the laws of itself? Character-building on this planet has always been a slip-shod business for lack of knowledge, or appreciation at least of the laws of intelligence. The point at which mind of any degree acts on substance cannot be considered a blind determinism, but is the law of it, stark-free from any certainty. Do the laws of intelligence lie outside any ordered scheme? Is it entirely logical, therefore, for the experimenter with physical principles to stop there for the reason that nothing more responds to the tools with which he works? Why not look about for another set of tools? The end of the physical test may not be the end of profitable inquiry. If the truth, the whole truth, appears to have more than one aspect, the human mind ought not be satisfied with the one aspect. It is not wise to take for granted a finality anywhere.

We are in the presence of an all-pervasive energy of life and being. We have to do with it each moment; and yet we know it is not adequately defined by the term *force*. The word *spirit* has been invented to define a significance. Any other word would do as well if it stood for the same concept. The word is not good form in scientific circles because it does not yield to the terms of knowledge, it is said. That means to certify the tools of the laboratory in the pursuit of all actual knowledge.

Is there no other side to the ocean because my boat will not take me across? Get another kind of boat, and the knowledge-treasure of the other shore may leap the spaces of hundreds of miles. The magnetism of oral speech now flashes across such spaces. The mellow harmonies of a woman's voice does the same. If you had ever heard the woman on the platform, you could pronounce her name. But what is it? Have we not entered the spiritual realm? Very true, it is not independent of substance. That does not stand against the real. It has emotion in it to make you laugh. It has a heart in it to make you cry. Are not these the newer inbreaks from the world of spirit? Are they not foregleams of life's last meanings? If the reality of a spirit world appears not in the realm of science, it is because science is only a differential. Let it be a conclusion of sound philosophy. Let it be of the nature of a generalization. Generalizations, if they are justified, lead in the direction of the unitary understandings. The world lieth in a turmoil for lack of them. Plato's definition of philosophy, "The search for unity," fits the case.

Now, whatever awaits the human mind from this realm of the non-sensuous, one distinct advantage will be in the direction of some central principle from which to build the human life towards its own unitary understandings. Suppose the human mind should accept the universe in its first nature as spirit. Then there would be a slow falling-in-line with what

that means. Then let the mechanisms of life and nature have all the playroom they can get. A book the other week of notable value was published. It is a composite made up by sixteen scholars of a great university. Fifteen of them agree on a mechanistic interpretation of all natural things. The sixteenth one insists on a supersensuous realism, as a part-explanation of things as they are. Let the fifteen go to it. They know they are only three steps away from number sixteen. A mechanism is a something put together. It signifies a mechanician. That signifies a thinker. A thinker is a person. So there you are. Mechanism turned loose on itself is a danger. Mechanism implies administration. Intelligence, free-acting under its law, is a necessity. It does not lead into any land of spooks. If causation has its home in the realm of spirit, it has for its first credit the laws of creation, as we now know them.

Evidently, millions of years have been taken to produce a thinker and to get him up on two legs and to get him started. Is the game worth the long hunt and the ammunition? An affirmative answer to that depends in part on what the future will show. After more centuries than the conservative historians are willing to allow, he has not made notable headway in the cultural values of tolerance and good will. He yet goes muddling through his life's most serious concerns; and nobody expects him to get up any morning before breakfast and swear in under the

parable of the Good Samaritan, and agree to live and let live with his fellows. He will not fit into that program for fear it might work.

Still, the human situation is not utterly hopeless. The increment of advance is slow, but there is no despair in it. The social regeneration is by sure way of the units. The health of the body is the health of the cells.

The race may learn at last to shoulder together in the mutualities. If in the outcome only a few have come to despise an endless strife, the career of man on this planet is not rational. If to get out of it into paradise,—and only a few get there,—what moots it? If I am to go without my fellows, I do not want to go. If there is no race achievement, there has been no salvage of character, and there will be no place finally fit for anybody to live.

The federal spirit of the gospel responds to this need. The basal currents are the ones set for mastery. The unitary understandings are the controlling ones. The physical real is no exception to the principle stated. The remarkable success which the human mind has made in the conquest of the physical forces in the last two centuries has depended for its sturdy strength on the certainty that all nature is in harmony with itself. Any contribution to science is permanent, and sooner or later everybody inherits its values, because there is a through-running base to any discreet physical law.

So there may be a through-running base to the

ebb and flow of thought and feeling. The billowing tides may be seen to head towards righteousness, if human beings can come to know the language of one spirit.

The Master's message to souls threw down the barriers. He would put His hand over any man's heart and say, "The kingdom of God is within you." The self-dominion is first, and it is last also, when it becomes the community consciousness. There is no substitute for the leaven hid in three measures of meal. This is why the Gospel had instant success. There was no power in the world to hinder it. The soul can open or shut its own gates. Perforce of the movement, before anybody was aware of what was going on Partians, and Medes, and Elamites, and Mesopotamians, and Lybians, and Judeans, and Cappadocians, and Phrygians, and Syrians, and Pamphilamns, and Romans, and Jews, and Cretes, and Arabians, were swayed in one brief hour into a bonded fellowship by the language of one spirit. Make what you please out of the splendors of the imagery,—a sound as of a rushing mighty wind; as cloven tongues like as of fire. It was tested by what came of it in the next ten decades. Pentecost was an event in history. Outwardly there was no expectation of a movement which blotted out the distinctions of diverse peoples and made them bonded brothers through God's spirit poured out.

These Pentecost people had two entrenched and remorseless enemies. One was the pagan faith of the

masses, with its sacred and hoary traditions, the patron yet of the finest forms of the old culture, and nurturing the richest things the Roman ever knew of art and architecture. It had also the refinements of the old Grecian glory. The other was the deified head of the Roman Empire and personal patron of all the confused and confusing religious cults, who undertook to class the Christian converts as one of these, and he commanded all alike to bow to the image of the Emperor. The Christians would not bow to the image. It was the power of Rome against a few nobodies. What is power? The world was soon to know.

What came about in the life of the world during the first Christian century is best shown, I think, in the meanings of the book of Revelation, the last of the Scriptures. This piece of writing is a microcosm of the victories and struggles of the early Christians—not a history.

Saint John is a prisoner on the Island of Patmos. He must get a message across which will pass muster last one living of the Apostles. The others had died of violence. He was alive because of his discretion and the charm of his personality. His life measured this century. He knew the temper of it. He had an experience with a hurt in it. Officially he was the spiritual head of the seven Churches in Asia. These were in the heart of the Greek culture and refinement. They were contiguous and strategically located. They were prosperous in the sense that

they were growing in numbers and in influence. They were ill at ease, because the Roman world had marked them as its chiefest challenge. John's banishment would have in it reasons of State. He could then only do his work through correspondence. What he writes would be censored. The Book of Revelation is what he was permitted to say. The situation accounts for the kind of writing it is. The author of the plain liquid narrative of the fourth Gospel would not write that way by preference. The fact of the censorship explains why the Book of Revelation, to the average reader, is a sublime and mysterious piece of writing. The difficulty is in its language terms. Several early scholars counted it not valid as a work of inspiration. In fact, it has its place now in the canon of Scripture, not because of what it may mean, but because it was apostolic. Those who contend that it could not have been written by the author of the fourth Gospel because of its radical divergence in style and thought have not taken due account of the sword of threatening. He must get a message across which will pass muster with a spiritually dull Roman guard. At the same time, it must have meanings to the Greek and Jewish converts of the Churches. Furthermore, the substance of the book may have gone to them in special messages. It does not read like a piece of literature. The special church admonitions, and the visions, may make it a put-together book,—the work of some pious redactor after John's death. These parts may

have the nature of cypher despatches. The seven times repeated identical refrain intimates as much. He would be justified in any sort of adroit dissembling, if no harm came of it. Many of the early Christians had secret signs by which they knew each other. Christian soldiers in Nero's army had a countersign of their own. The precaution was born of the dread uncertainties of an intolerant time. It is certain that cryptic and veiled phrases are used in the context of this writing,—the special key to which the world may not now be in possession. In places he uses a word which he does not mean. Nero is a great beast. Rome is Babylon. The converts would know that there was no issue up at this time with Babylon. They are also in the whirl of the movement which he describes by the rule of righteousness.

He depicts in some of the visions an awful age. The storm of the persecution has not yet broken in its full fury. His people must yet die by the thousand. The apostle, in his life, has been one of the greatest sufferers among them, and yet his spirit is unbroken. What he wrote during these last days probably cost him his life, because its influence must have been great.

To take the life of a great man in order to get rid of his influence is a dullness. Converts multiplied faster than they could be killed. One was geometric, the other mathematic. There could be but one result.

Power! Power! which is it—a Roman sword, or the love of Christ?

Many devout people who have had no knowledge of the history of Biblical times, and who have read the Book of Revelation for devotional purposes, and who have believed the Bible to be a literal transcript from the mind of God, have liked to read Revelation best of all. What is the explanation?

First, in any piece of writing, of any extent, there is such a thing as *tone*. A writer cannot hide his mentality. He cannot cover up his dullness to save his soul. Aside from what he has to say, the mental quality, or the lack of it, will work itself down into his stuff.

One writer does not care for the conventionalities. Another despises the Ten Commandments, or at least he has the folks in his novel test them out. Another exhales a neurotic mess and leaves a smirch at the ends of his chapters. In another we follow the lead of the clean minded. In another we are charmed with a dreamer, because he wants to live among the stars.

Revelation is high and lifted up, as if a songster, somewhere out of sight, was pouring its harmonies into the air. The theme does not droop at any place. Whether one knows what is meant or not, it reads like a symphony. Something sings. It may be the mystic tones of the soul of an aged one who leaned on the Savior's breast when he was young. Anyone who knows the use of words will get the tone of the

Book. The wonder of it survives the shifts of language. Read awhile and shut your eyes. Try the spirit of it, and see if it is not true to the highest in you.

Then again, on the tops of all the visions and in the valleys of them, Christ is exalted. Strange that Martin Luther should reject Revelation because he found no Savior in it. In the fourth Gospel, John uses the endearing term Jesus one hundred and sixty-four times. In Roman sentiment, now, there is a dangerous lack of relish for that term, and for prudential reasons he makes use of other phrasings. But he piles Pelion on Ossa to scale this particular Olympus of his thought. Read them, here listed, and see that the Christ of Judea and of Calvary is made the manifestation of God.

He is the One that walks among the golden candlesticks.

He is the Lion of the tribe of Judah.

He is the faithful witness.

He is the testimony of Jesus Christ.

He is the One who loved us and washed us from our sins in his blood.

He is the One for whom John was a prisoner.

He is the Son of man.

He is the First and the Last.

He is the One with the keys of death and hell.

He is the Son of God.

He is the Lamb that was slain.

He is the root of David.
He is the Word of God.
He is the Faithful and the True.
He is the Lamb on the throne.
He is the Lord who was crucified.
He is the Lamb slain from the foundation of
the world.
He is the One who stands on Mount Zion.
He is the Patience of the saints.
He is Lord of Lords and King of Kings.
He is Alpha and Omega.
He is the bright and morning star.
He is Lord Jesus.
He is the One worthy to open the seals.
He is the rider on the white horse, going forth
to conquer.

Twenty centuries away, the Book of Revelation yet takes care of itself in print. Modern readers are so far removed from the special conditions under which it was written,—from its intellectual and spiritual atmosphere,—that it reads more like a message of aspiration and desire. The real of the book is that in it which is to survive the tension and the stress. One sees a holy defiance of the worst that a mortal foe can do. There is to be a day of restitution for these who go to their death in the faith that their souls will hold over. To get out of a world not worth living in, death is a gain. Martyrdom is growing into a fanaticism. The cynical

Roman is too dull in the things which he opposes to see what he is doing for himself. Anywhere, life's currents are running deep, when men and women rush into death with a shout. There was an absurdity in it. The civil power was killing off its best. These who died were obedient to the law, except they did not bow to the image of the Emperor. By the laws of the land they were ideal citizens—they were self ruling. They lived the austere moral life. They lived in great unity among themselves. They were prosperous beyond others. They were an admirable people. Spiritually reborn, they were fitted by the fact of it to practice the fine art of the human togetherness. So far as the majesty of the law was concerned, they lived in an impregnable fortress. A Christian community invaded and scattered was like throwing fagots of fire in all directions in dry stubble. Physical force was not a match for the zeal of the disciples. Herod undertook to put out of existence a spiritual force by killing all the babes about Bethlehem. Now an Empire attempts the same futility in another way.

Saint John looks into the black face of this storm and predicts the daylight of the world. He was not a fortune-teller. He does not undertake to forecast the freaks of the weather. He has lived long enough to see the transforming power of the Christ life and to understand its mass values. He sees the wind blow of all tendencies. He has measured in his own body and life the strength of the opposition,

and when his own spirit does not break under it, he knows by experience what will make resistless the forward movement of the churches. He was the ripest man on the planet at that time to say what would come out of the remorseless fury of conflicting ideas. By the language of one spirit, the old is broken—the new takes its place. He does not belong to any school of the necromancers. He does not engage in the littleness of mapping out life's details of incident for the future,—that is, he does not pretend to see the unseeable. He sets no dates. Particular future events are not known to the mind. This is no part of the business of the true prophet. The idea of a future rolled up and made ready for human beings to come along and unroll it is an illusion of the mind. Some of the prophets of record were under that lure. No matter. They were mistaken. Human prophecies of detailed events to come are never more than guesses. Circumstances are tentative and provisional, and they do not settle questions of principle. Any free agent can throw the shuttles and change instantly the weave of circumstances. But no human being, however great, no consort of human beings, no collusion of the nations, can drive moral and spiritual principles out of court.

There is room for the exercise of the human freedom, and the fact of it makes this a capricious world, in the sense that we do not know what a day may bring forth.

The motives to high endeavor, the challenges to an ascendant life are in that. Whether we are rich or poor is incidental. Whether we are famous or obscure is incidental. Whether we are sick or well is incidental. Whether we live or die in life's surges is incidental. We miss the way when we get waterlogged, and whimper when it hurts. The Christians did not know beforehand how fearful was the struggle they were to go through. Better that they should not know. They knew their business to stand for the truth as it is in Jesus Christ. They were the devoted ones to bring out of that conflict a spiritual survival. What it would cost must not be considered. There must be no peace without righteousness, because without it the world perishes.

The question then up was concerning *the nature of the power which is to be supreme in the world*. Many died for the truth, and each death was an evidence of sincerity. Surely if there had been ten times as many, there would have been no break in the ranks of the faithful. They might not have endured the sacrifice in prospect. They accepted it, and stood the test, when it came to them. They suffered the wrong of the persecution—they did not overpay for the truth. They did not hesitate to die for a principle. The business of dying was the victory. To die is gain where the truth is involved.

The most saintly man of the apostolic college did not lack in spiritual courage. He lived and died for the truth. The truth, as he saw it, he sent out to the

churches in these visions of the Apocalypse. They were written to pass the censor, but when they got across, they had in them a message which the Christians understood. Not what they were, in terms of speech, but what they did in that sodden Roman world cost him his life.

These visions, therefore, are fulminants, and vastly prophetic. Some of them may never be interpreted for lack of the data of circumstance. If he had spelled them out, he would not have survived the writing. He did not survive their influence. One of them he did spell out. It begins with the twenty-first chapter. The world never tires of its splendor and beauty.

But what has been the occasion of a vision like that? John was a Jew. He had in him the racial fealties. He did his best to make the Christ of Calvary fit into the Jewish prophecies of the Messiah. He failed in that, with both Jew and Gentile, as did the church in Jerusalem. But in the Gospel he sees an unconquerable power. The conversion of the world to Christ is then proclaimed.

John was not far away when Jerusalem was destroyed by Titus in the year 70 A.D. That awful siege and sack was the last and the most fatal of all Jewish reversals. The intent of it was to break a spirit which Rome always hated and to cut the base roots of the new propaganda. This must have been a bitter event to the apostle.

In his life's closing words he had a vision of a

New Jerusalem, to take the place of the old. It is to be better and finer. He sees a spiritual resurrection of the city of his love. What gorgeous imagery! What transport! Incongruous by intent, because he does not mean what he says. *He means a transformed world.* He sees the city coming down from God out of Heaven. It is as fine a picture as a Semite could make for himself. His fingers drip gold. Jasper, Sapphire, Chalcedony, Emerald, Sardonyx, Sardius, Chrysolite, Beryl, Topaz, Chrysophrasus, Jacinth, Amethyst. Twelve gates all pearls. Streets of pure gold. He spells it out when he tells us the kind of folk who are to live in it.

No more tears. No more pain. No more death. The thirsty drink of the fountains of the water of life. No Temple—the whole city one temple. The glory of God the light of it. No night there. The Kings of the earth bring their glory and honor into it. The gates not shut at all by day.

And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.

Sealed in a divine fellowship forever through the language of one spirit.

Not long ago a general strike was declared in England. A general strike! The foundations of government were challenged. The English mind, skilled

in self-rule, knew what that meant. Nobody inherits anything from a destroyed Empire. Millions of Englishmen walked the streets wearing on their faces a ghastly sardonic smile. The Anglo-Saxon has thrown his heritage of ordered control to the wind. The insanity lasted a few days. Strange bedfellows were made in the black expectancy. Before the last midnight there was a mutual yielding, and the news came over the radio: "The general strike is ended." It was a spontaneous understanding with no collusion. The English mind had spoken. Then the same after midnight a strangely rapturous thing happened. A people disquieted, but who loved liberty under law, and who believed in progress,—millions of them,—through the tragic hours listened over the radio to William Blake's poem, *Jerusalem*:

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?

And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burnished gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear, O Clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!

I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till I have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

CHAPTER XV

THE LIFE OF THE MIND

THIS chapter limits itself to one feature of the growth of the mind in the personal experience. The masses of people who keep trying to square themselves with the outside world, and know that they have been pretty well knocked about, often wonder if the game is worth the powder and shot. Is there a balance somewhere to the credit of justice for the poorest life imaginable? If an honest man struggles for the right, and gets defeated, is there anything in reach of him anywhere to help him to keep his composure and go forward? Is there anything left after everything is gone? What did Job have after the Devil got through with him?

We distinguish between the life of the mind and the life of the body by way of a two-sided experience which is invariable with the common person.

I sit by the bedside of my friend. I have companionable converse with him. I turn for a moment and look out at the window. I turn to speak to my friend again, and he does not answer. I touch his body and it does not move. His body is there. My friend is not there. My friend has gone, I may not

know where. I may not have any belief about that. That body is not my friend. He was in that body a moment ago. He is not there now.

This distinction between the real self and the body is universal. But what has that body been to my friend who has just left it? It has been the continuous servant of his life in the flesh. It has mediated between his mind on the inside and all other minds and things on the outside. That body has been subject to the well-known fluxes of matter. It has never been in one stay. The primary books in physiology tell us that the stuff of the human body shifts itself entirely, several times in the course of an average lifetime. Integrations and disintegrations are taking place all the time. The brain-cells are the structural entities of the brain-stuff, but they quickly come to the limits of their action and life. They die away, and are shoveled out. What a come-and-go it is, what a waste! That is why hunger is king. That is why nine-tenths of the human energy, from the cradle to the grave, is expended on the human body. There is no help for it. The body grows and maintains its energy by the food it gets. We talk folly when we talk to folks about filthy lucre. It is the representative of bread. We bawl out against the millionaire while we are doing our level best to get into his shoes, and all because waste is a constant in the physical life. Everything physical wears out, and has to be renewed. Old things

get out of date so fast we cannot use them. The world on one side of itself is an old lumber shop.

My friend's body—my body—yours—is a wonder in its mechanisms, in its adaptations; but it is a fleeting phantasm. The body is not the party of the first part.

We know that the mental energy is a king in its place. Not independent but masterful. It flourishes in a fervor of chemic fires. The neurons of the brain receive sensations,—they live a time and die,—but the posits of experience somewhere, or somehow, hold over. There is a non-material somewhat which survives and which uses the death element there to its own advantage. It is quickened by the fact that something perishes. The breakdown of the brain cells in the human experience is not a breakdown of the real. The faster the brain cells burn up, the greater the afflatus of thought. The shift of substance, during life, is not a threat to the life of the intellect. The life of the mind is familiar with death and laughs at it.

The mind has the nature of a treasure-house. The storages of experience are in it. We have proof of the existence of mind by way of these storages and reproductions. The cells are hilarious servants. They bring a vicarious life-offering of themselves to the life of the mind.

But another kind of statement can be made about this known life of the mind. There is no waste in its movements. It has to do with the physical processes,

because they relate it to a physical universe, which is of the nature of mind; and the mind gets its provender, which is the truth of existence. The clash of mind with its surroundings clear-cuts the mind. "Iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." This is the essence of culture. *Educo* means to draw out. Give knowledge, give love, give the generous deed, and they *double in on you*. There is a giving which doth not impoverish. Mind acts under a law which builds the timbre of mind. So wisdom increases with age. If there is any bottom to the human mind, no one has ever found it. No one has ever discovered the bottom of its feeding-ground on the outside.

The secret of the human freedom and the human advance lies in this mental liberating and conserving process.

But something for nothing is not Nature's way. The expenditure of energy is not a waste. It is one term of the storage of value. There is no blessedness at the end of any way which pursues itself with indifferent effort. In a climb, the art of it is worth more than any point of advantage. We have found our eternity when we keep step. As long as we knock at the gates of mystery and get answers we shall live. Life's projections are retroactive. We may not give to get, but if we give we are sure to get,—not always in kind, but by an advalorum figured out among the stars. A generous deed translates itself into character. Character stands against

the extinction of personality. The cynic may wish to go to sleep in oblivion, but he does not wish to see beauty and truth and goodness buried. Then, he gives away his whole case when he wishes to die and be forgotten. Personality is the reason for beauty and truth and goodness. Personality alone appreciates these values. The extinction of personality is the extinction of ideals.

Life's compensations, then, do not lie on the other side of no-man's-land. We make no journeys. We go down into no valley of shadows. Eternity is the Eternal now. Moreover, the law of the growth of mind through experience is life's democracy. No state of misfortune or poverty or obscurity ever makes any difference. No soul is ever disadvantaged in its chances to live and grow. Any soul, anywhere, in response to its uses, finds each day a day of restitution. There is no place too small to supply abundance of room. Any kind of service anywhere becomes a spiritual enrichment.

We have come up out of the universe—in what way is not a matter of practical concern here. We belong to the universe. We shall live or die by way of its reflexes. We shall never be alien. If we meet its challenges of truth, and make use of them, we shall live.

The universe is self-cleansing, if it is rational. The fact may have in it a peril to the soul. We may lie down on a falsehood and go to sleep. The one black danger is the mental unyielding. The one

abhorrent death is an atrophied mind. Time bites into us; and the soul's hunger for the life of itself, which is the truth, bites into us, and we are stunted the moment we cease to have growing pains.

This is the deepest nature of the Gospel. Something for nothing is not the rule there. That which is saved by miracle and kept by miracle is not worth saving. The way of it contradicts character.

Life in the Gospel is always conditioned. We work out our salvation with fear and trembling. We work it out only when we accept the universe unafraid. The truth-terms of nature belong with the truth-terms of redemption. Both are voices of life. Creation has not flooded our pathway with superfluities. The truth anywhere is not our preference,—it is a part of our destiny. We are to be nourished by any part of the universe which has been placed in reach of our understanding. That which the universe does, God does.

Wherever God writes his name, therefore, in the earth, or on the seas, or on the face of the sky, spell it out where He writes it.

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